



JUSTICE LEAGUE  
TASK FORCE

12  
MAY 94

FRIEDMAN,  
VELLUTO &  
ALBRECHT

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# JUSTICE LEAGUE TASK FORCE

## TARGET: EARTH



Velluto  
Albrecht

WELCOME BACK  
TO THE WORLD OF  
THE LIVING, MY FRIENDS.  
I'M GLAD YOU COULD  
BE HERE TO JOIN US--  
IF ONLY IN SPIRIT--  
FOR OUR MOMENT  
OF TRIUMPH!

NOT FAR FROM  
HERE, MY SCIENTIFIC  
TEAM IS ABOUT TO  
LAUNCH A VERY SPECIAL  
MISSILE-- ONE THAT WILL  
INJECT THE VIRUS THEY  
DEVELOPED INTO EARTH'S  
ATMOSPHERE.

WITHIN DAYS, EVERY  
NON-ARYAN IN NORTH  
AMERICA WILL HAVE  
PERISHED-- AND SOON AFTER  
THAT, THE REST OF THE  
WORLD WILL FOLLOW  
SUIT.

NOR ARE YOU  
IN ANY POSITION TO  
PREVENT IT. NOT WHEN  
YOU'VE BEEN ENSCONCED  
IN A TRIPLE-THICK-  
WALLED CELL, BUILT  
FOR HOLDING AND  
PUNISHING ANY INFERIORS  
WHO HAPPENED TO  
STUMBLE ON THIS  
INSTALLATION.

# The Purification PLAGUE

PART THREE: ANGEL OF INJUSTICE

MICHAEL JAN FRIEDMAN~ WRITER • SAL VELLUTO~ PENCILLER  
JEFF ALBRECHT~INKER • BOB PINAHA~LETTERER • GLENN  
WHITMORE~COLORIST • RUBEN DIAZ~ASSISTANT EDITOR  
BRIAN AUGUSTYN~EDITOR



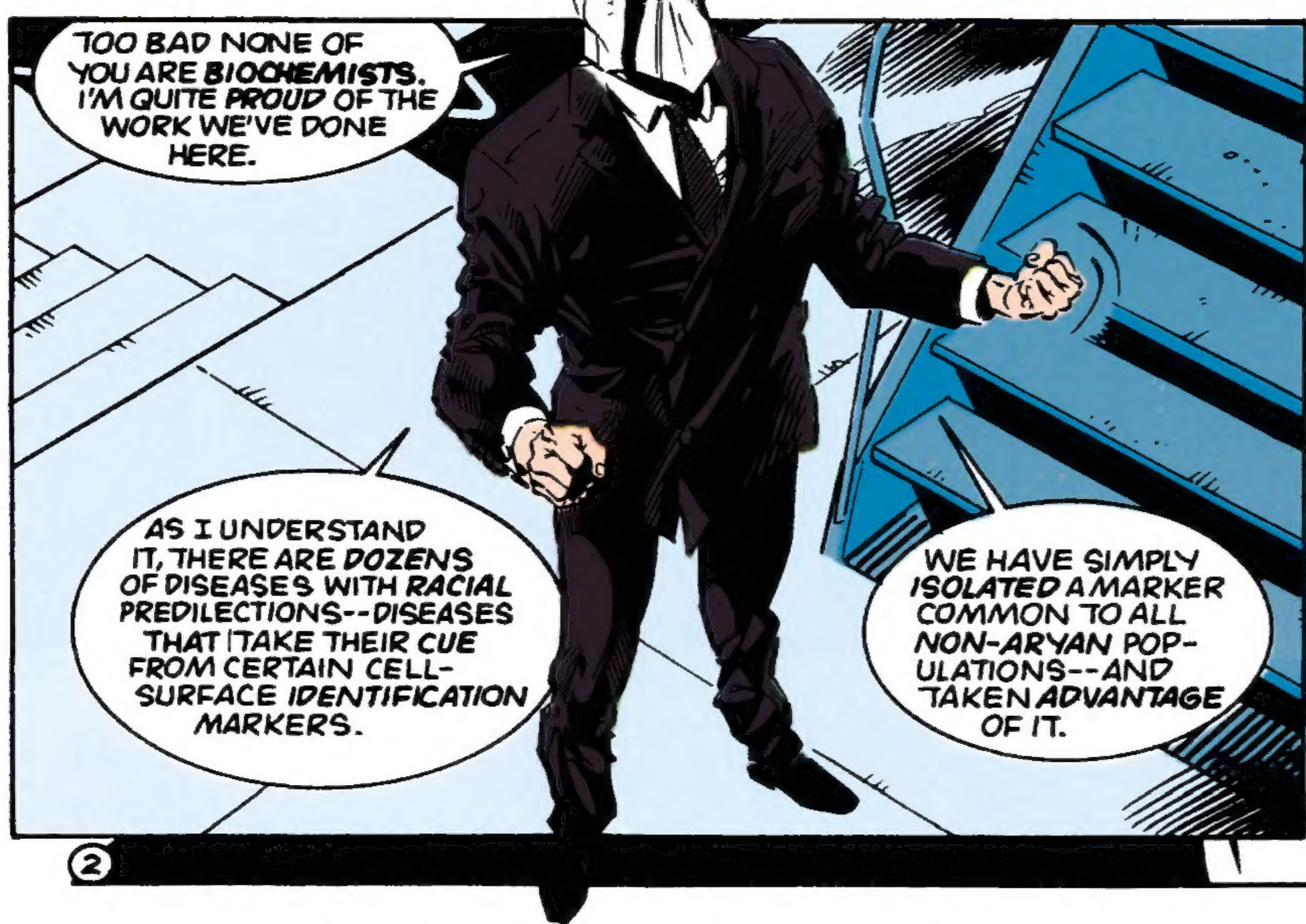
I SHOULD ALSO TELL YOU THAT THE FLOOR OF YOUR CELL RESTS ON A HIGH-POWERED ELECTRICAL GRID. ONE FALSE MOVE--AND THAT INCLUDES ANY ATTEMPTS AT INVISIBILITY OR TELEKINESIS--AND MY GUARDS HERE WILL TURN ON THE JUICE.

AT THE HIGHEST SETTING, IT WILL KILL YOU INSTANTLY--WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF THE MARTIAN. IN HIS CASE, IT MAY TAKE A BIT LONGER.

OF COURSE, NONE OF YOU CAN SEE THOSE GUARDS--AGAIN, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE MARTIAN. BUT TRUST ME, THEY CAN SEE YOU.

EVEN IF YOU SOMEHOW ESCAPED FROM YOUR CELL, YOU WOULDN'T ESCAPE FROM THEM.

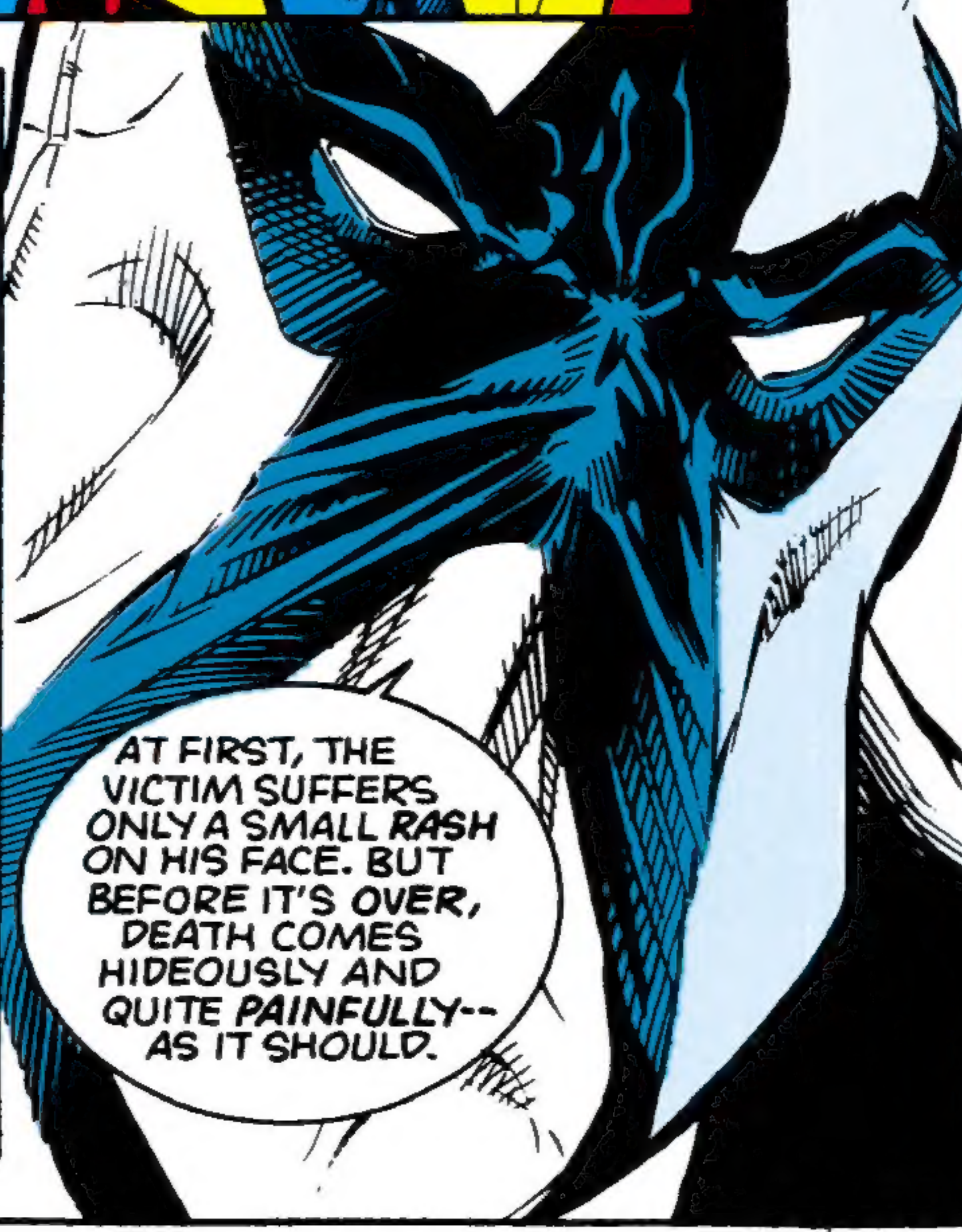
AS YOU CAN SEE, I'VE STUDIED UPON YOU--AS I'VE STUDIED ALL INDIVIDUALS WHO MIGHT STAND IN THE WAY OF OUR CAUSE. THOUGH I MUST ADMIT, I NEVER EXPECTED TO FIND YOU HERE.



TOO BAD NONE OF YOU ARE BIOCHEMISTS. I'M QUITE PROUD OF THE WORK WE'VE DONE HERE.

AS I UNDERSTAND IT, THERE ARE DOZENS OF DISEASES WITH RACIAL PREDISPOSITIONS--DISEASES THAT TAKE THEIR CUE FROM CERTAIN CELL-SURFACE IDENTIFICATION MARKERS.

WE HAVE SIMPLY ISOLATED A MARKER COMMON TO ALL NON-ARYAN POPULATIONS--AND TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF IT.



AT FIRST, THE VICTIM SUFFERS ONLY A SMALL RASH ON HIS FACE. BUT BEFORE IT'S OVER, DEATH COMES HIDEOUSLY AND QUITE PAINFULLY--AS IT SHOULD.

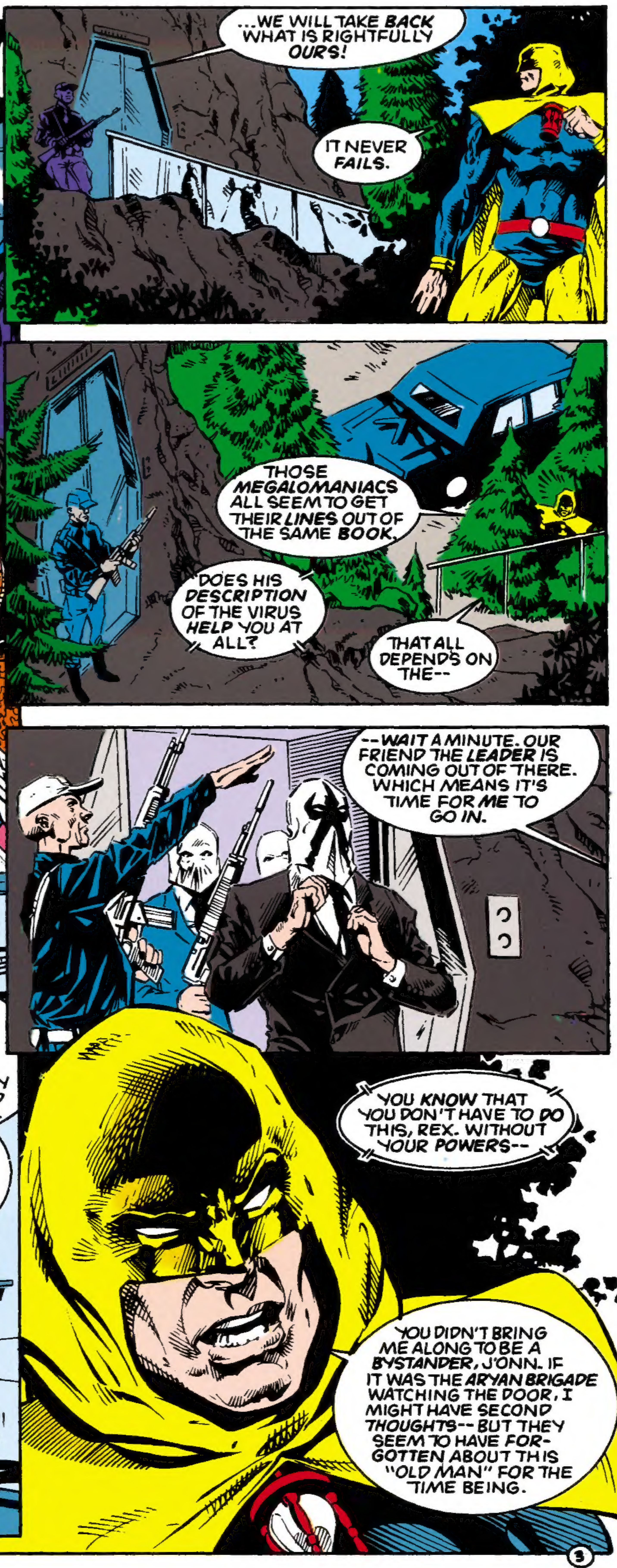


OF COURSE, NONE OF YOU WILL LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO PUT THIS KNOWLEDGE TO USE. IN FACT, YOU'LL DIE EVEN BEFORE THE MONGREL HORDES OF AMERICA DO.

AND THAT'S A PITY, CONSIDERING AT LEAST A FEW OF YOU SEEM TO BE AS ARYAN AS WE ARE. BUT THAT'S THE WAY THE TACO CRUMBLES, EH?

I'D STAY AND CHAT A WHILE, BUT WE'VE HAD TO MOVE THE LAUNCH UP EVEN EARLIER--JUST IN CASE THERE ARE ANY MORE OF YOUR KIND HEADED THIS WAY.

IT'S TIME TO RALLY MY FOLLOWERS. AND WHEN THE RALLY'S OVER...



...WE WILL TAKE BACK WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY OURS!

IT NEVER FAILS.

THOSE MEGALOMANIACS ALL SEEM TO GET THEIR LINES OUT OF THE SAME BOOK.

DOES HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE VIRUS HELP YOU AT ALL?

THAT ALL DEPENDS ON THE--

--WAIT A MINUTE. OUR FRIEND THE LEADER IS COMING OUT OF THERE. WHICH MEANS IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GO IN.

YOU KNOW THAT YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS, REX. WITHOUT YOUR POWERS--

YOU DIDN'T BRING ME ALONG TO BE A BYSTANDER, J'ONN. IF IT WAS THE ARYAN BRIGADE WATCHING THE DOOR, I MIGHT HAVE SECOND THOUGHTS-- BUT THEY SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT THIS "OLD MAN" FOR THE TIME BEING.

AND I DON'T THINK THEY'LL WAIT TILL MY POWERS RETURN TO LAUNCH THAT ROCKET OF THEIRS.

TOO LONG HAVE WE BEEN FORCED TO SHARE THIS GREAT LAND WITH THOSE INFERIORS SO FAR BENEATH US.

TOO LONG HAS THE TRUE AMERICAN BEEN SHACKLED WITH THE BURDEN OF THE MONGREL RACES.

IT IS TIME WE STRUCK A BLOW FOR THE MASTER RACE-- A BLOW THAT WILL RESTORE US TO OUR RIGHTFUL PLACE IN THE WORLD.

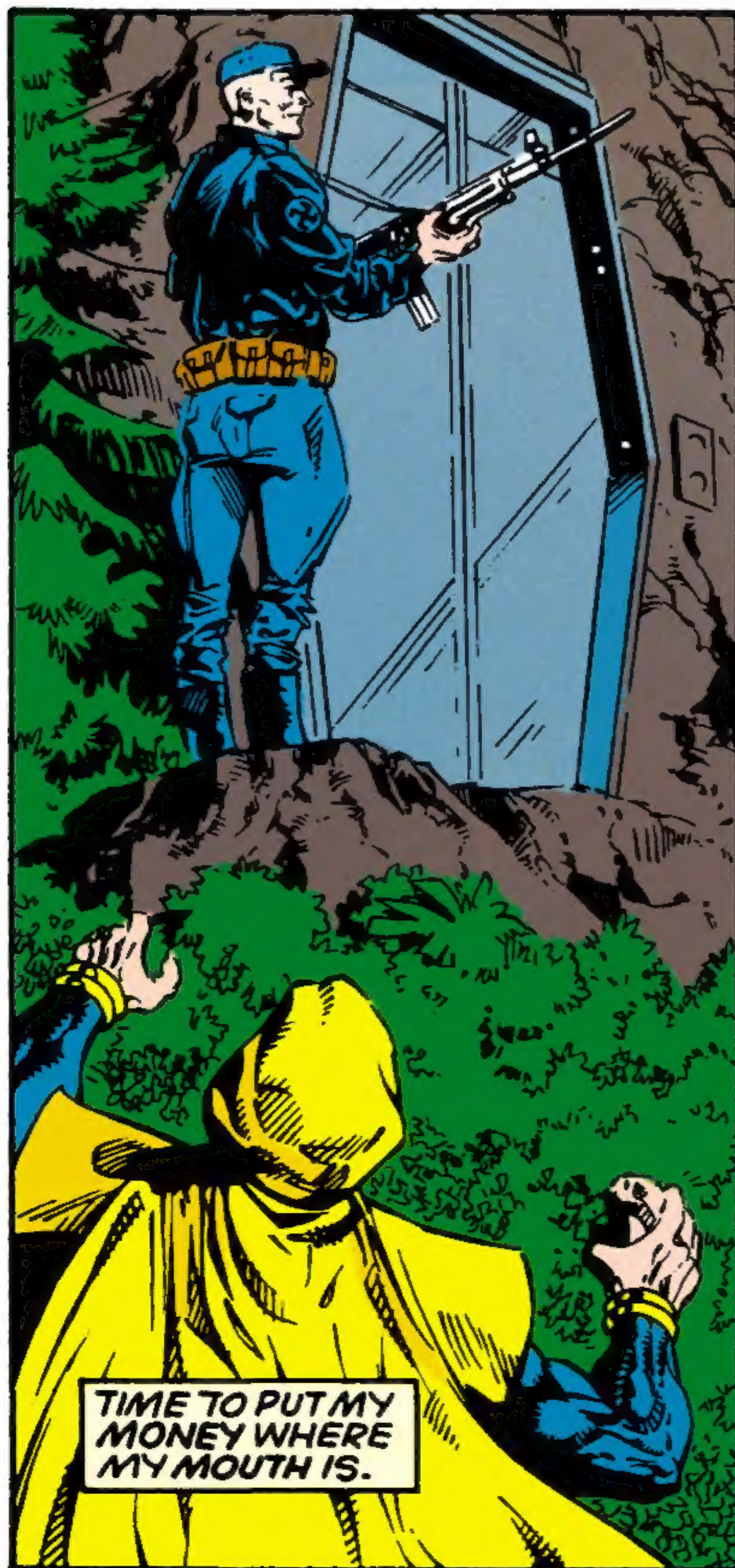
DO WE HAVE THE COURAGE FOR THIS UNDERTAKING? DO WE HAVE THE STRENGTH OF SPIRIT?

WE HAVE THE COURAGE! WE HAVE THE SPIRIT!

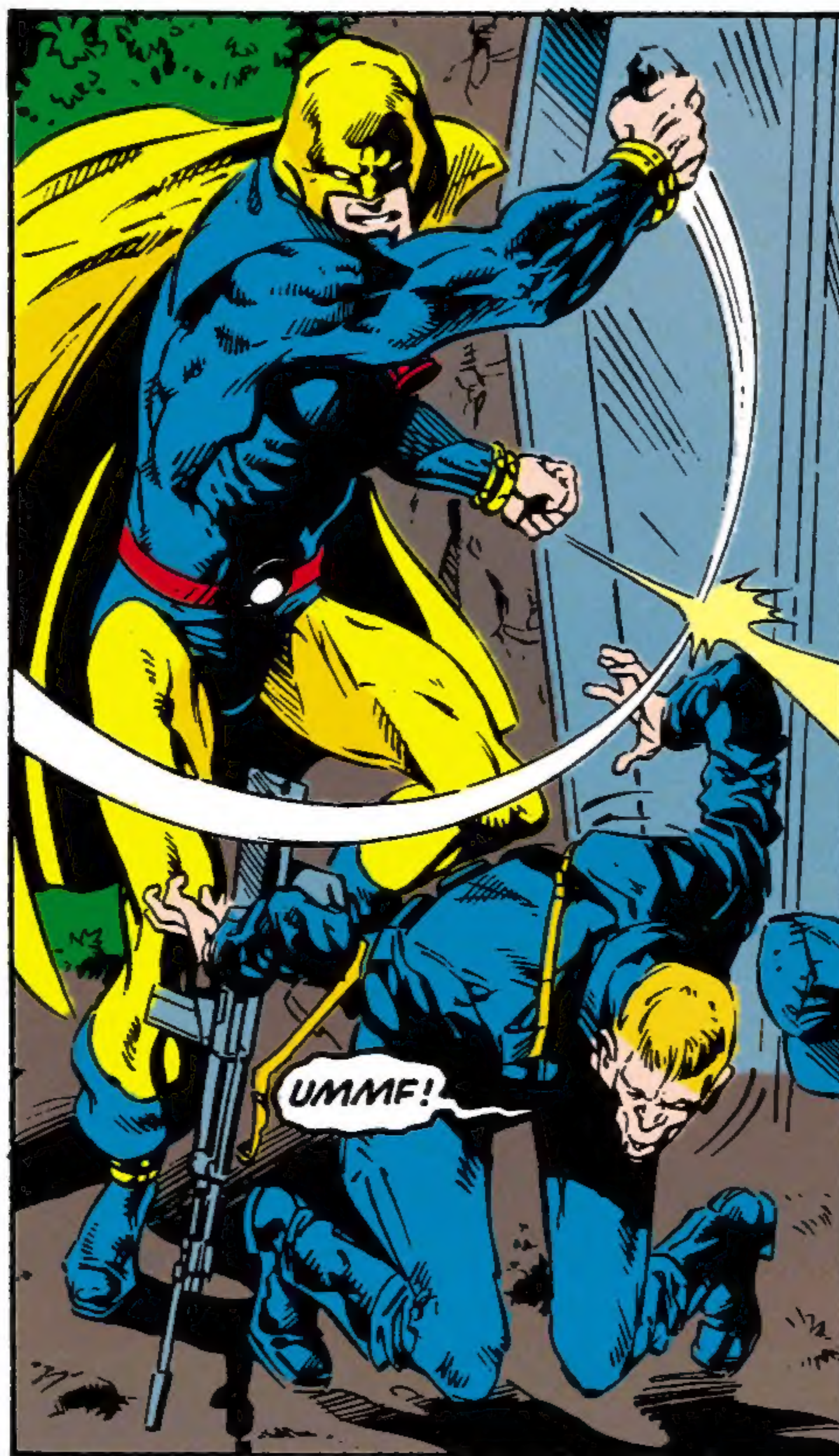
I SEE A FUTURE IN WHICH ONLY TRUE AMERICANS ARE ONLY PERMITTED TO LIVE AND WORK AND WORSHIP IN THIS COUNTRY.

"I SEE A NEW LIGHT IN THE SKY... AN ANGEL OF RETRIBUTION WHO WILL-- IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE-- WIPE OUT ALL THE INJUSTICES HEAPED UPON US..."

AN ANGEL WHO HERALDS THE COMING OF A BRIGHT, NEW DAY... A PURE DAY... AN ARYAN DAY!



TIME TO PUT MY MONEY WHERE MY MOUTH IS.



UMMF!

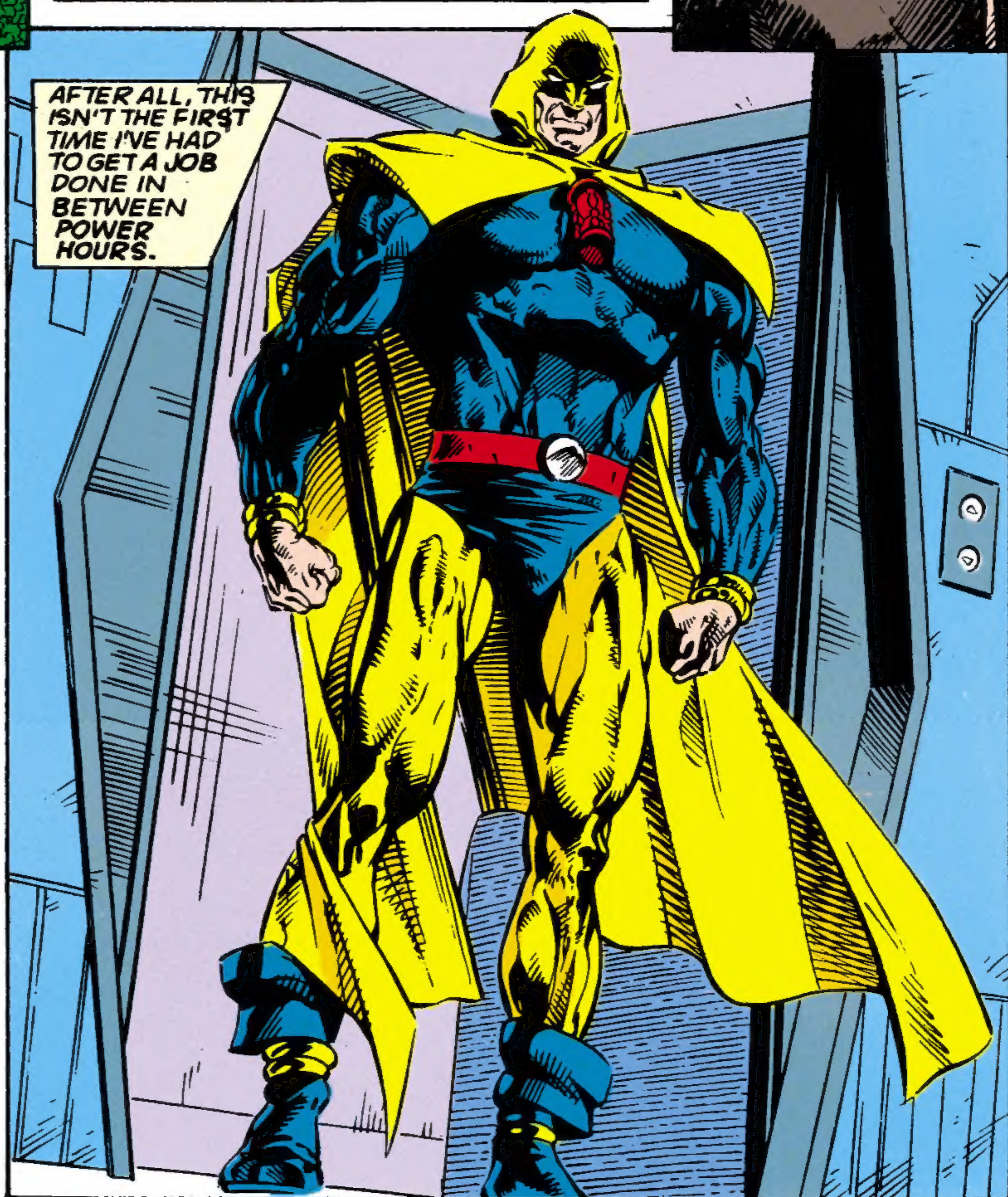


IF I HADN'T SAVED THAT LITTLE GIRL YESTERDAY, I'D HAVE MY POWERS NOW-- WHEN I REALLY NEED THEM.

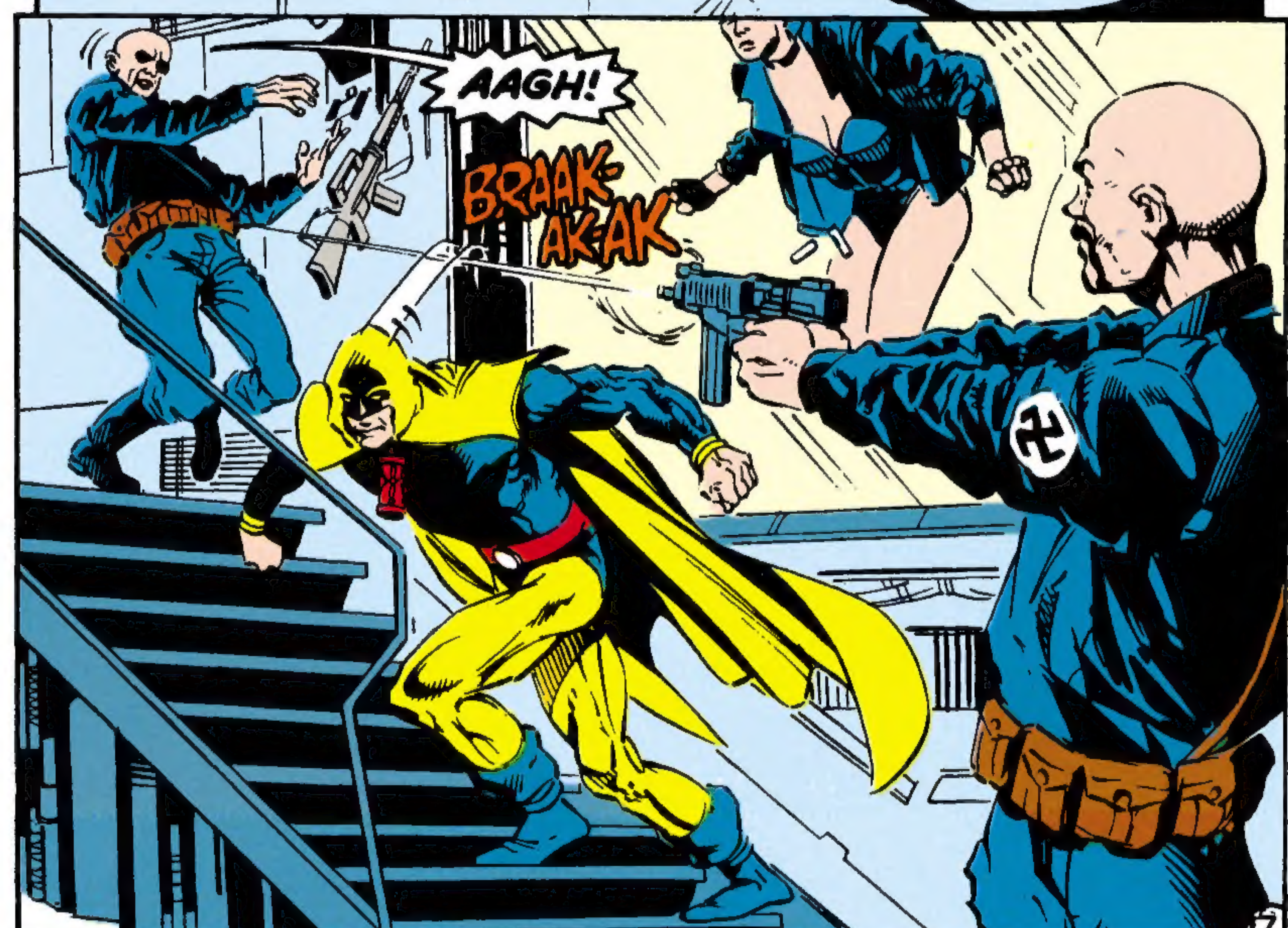
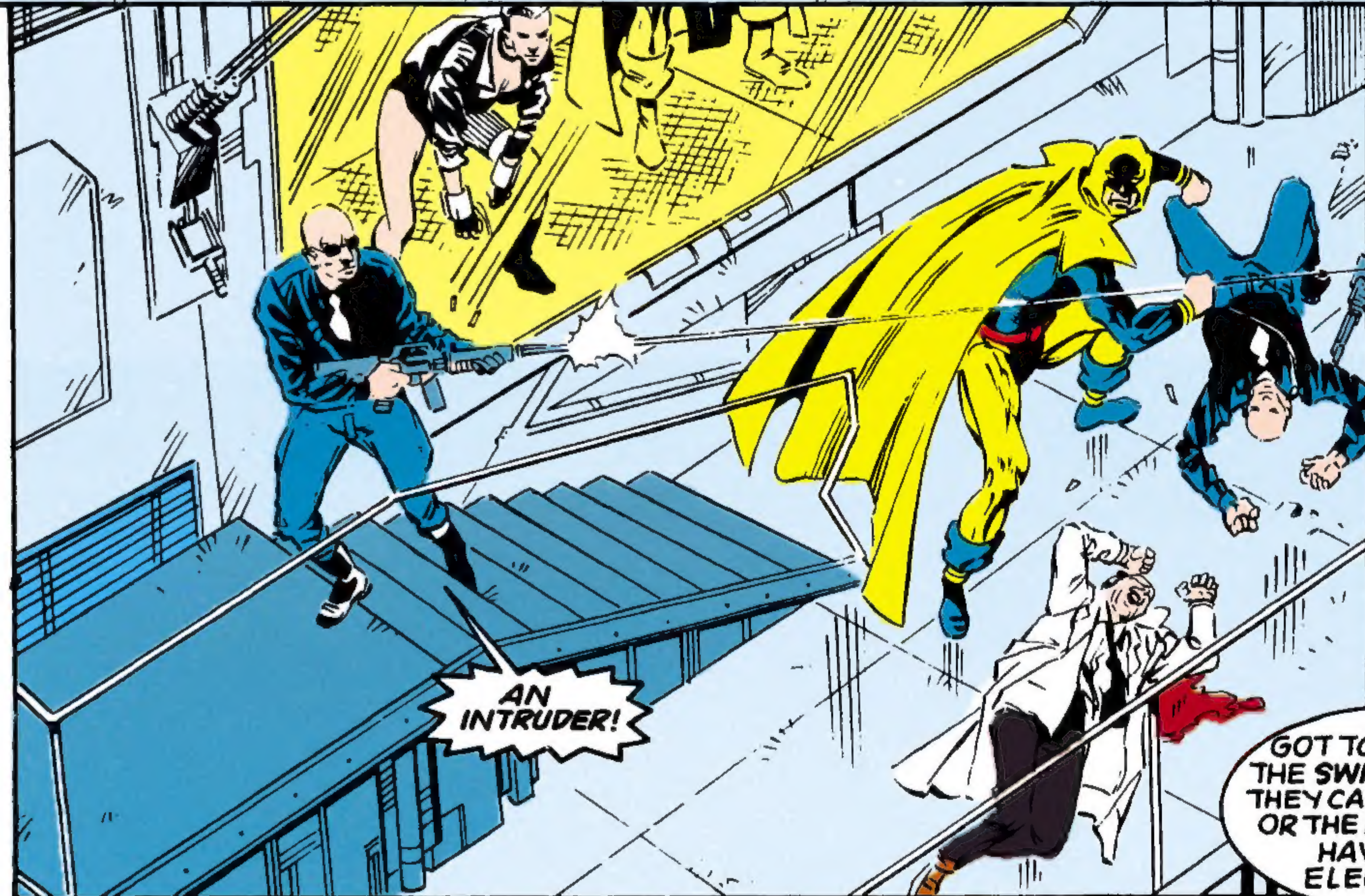
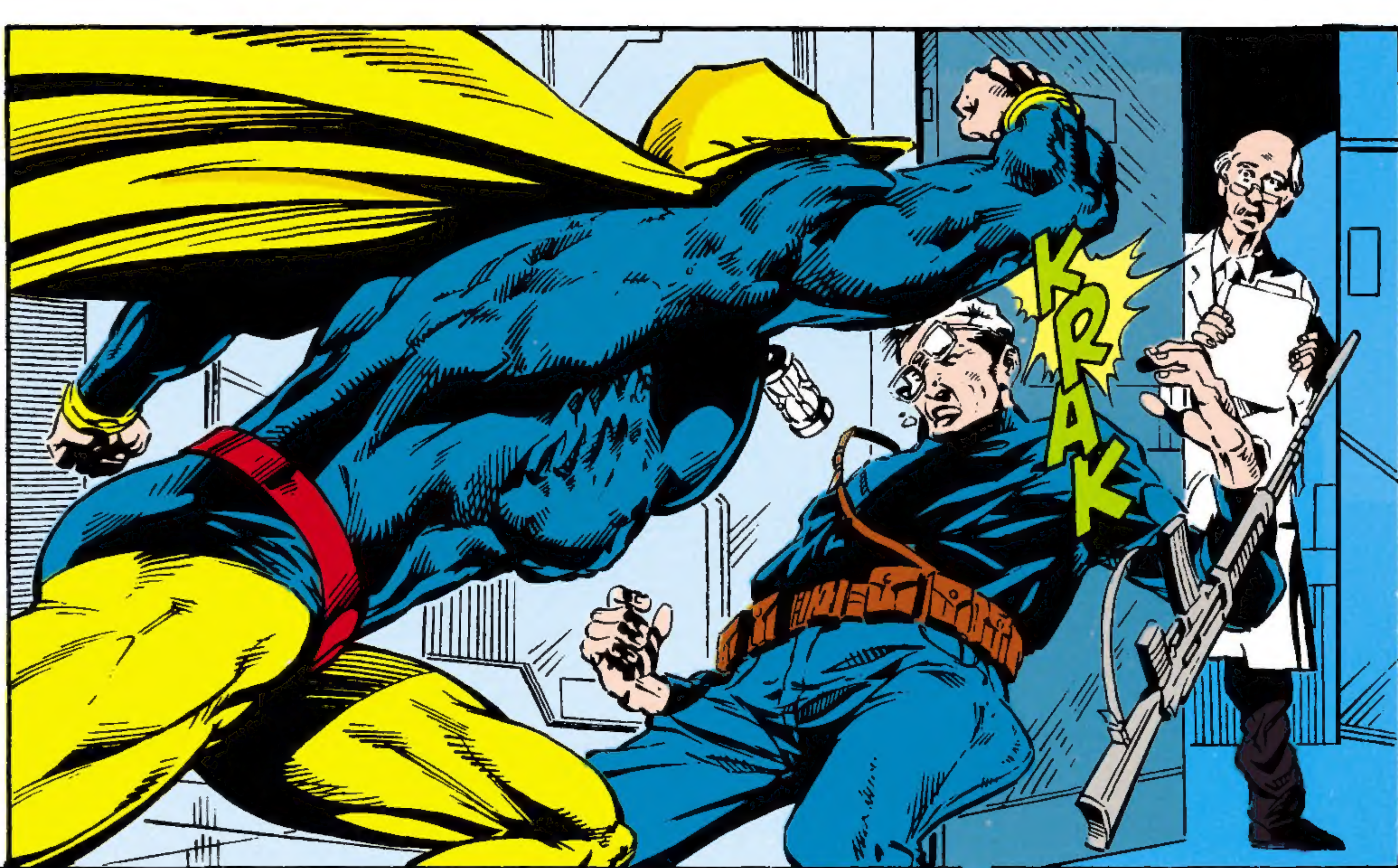
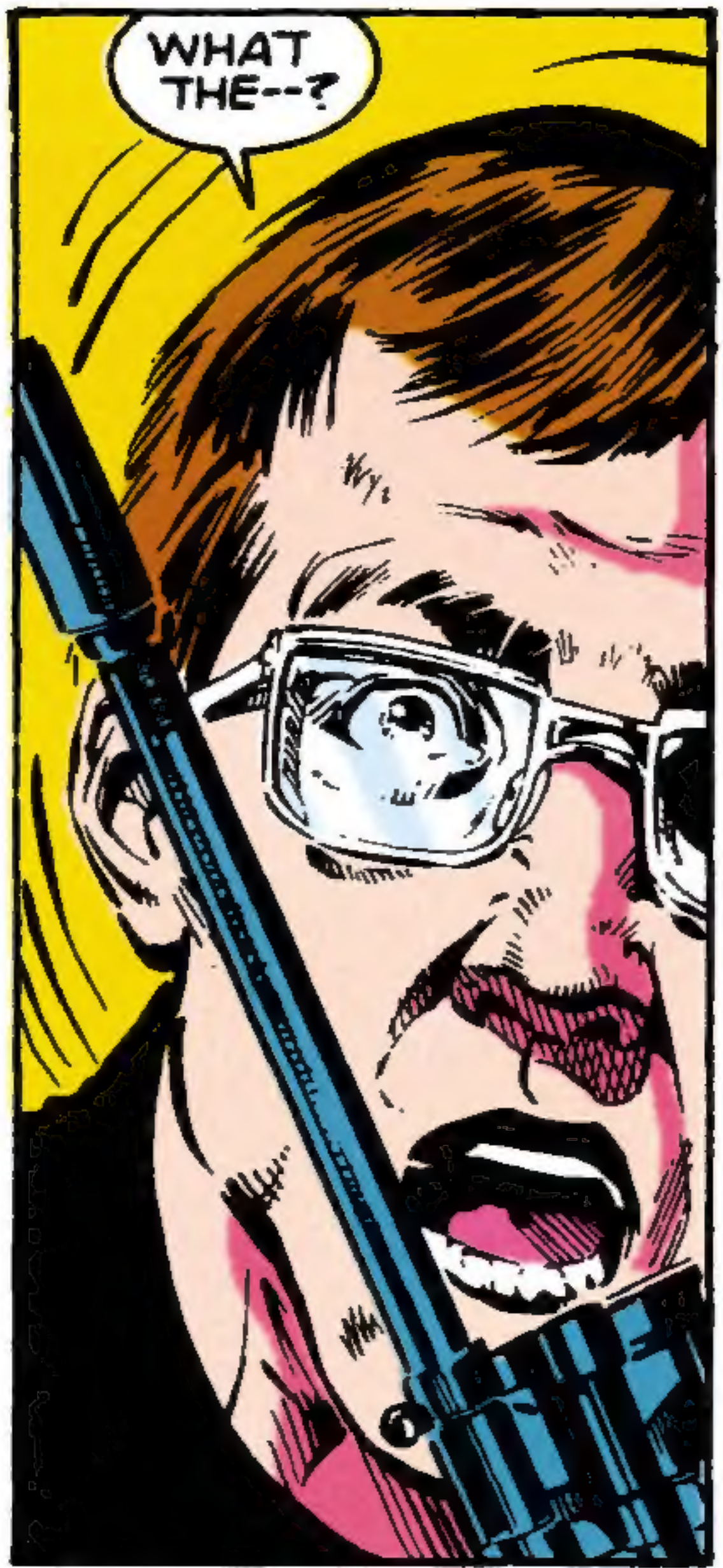


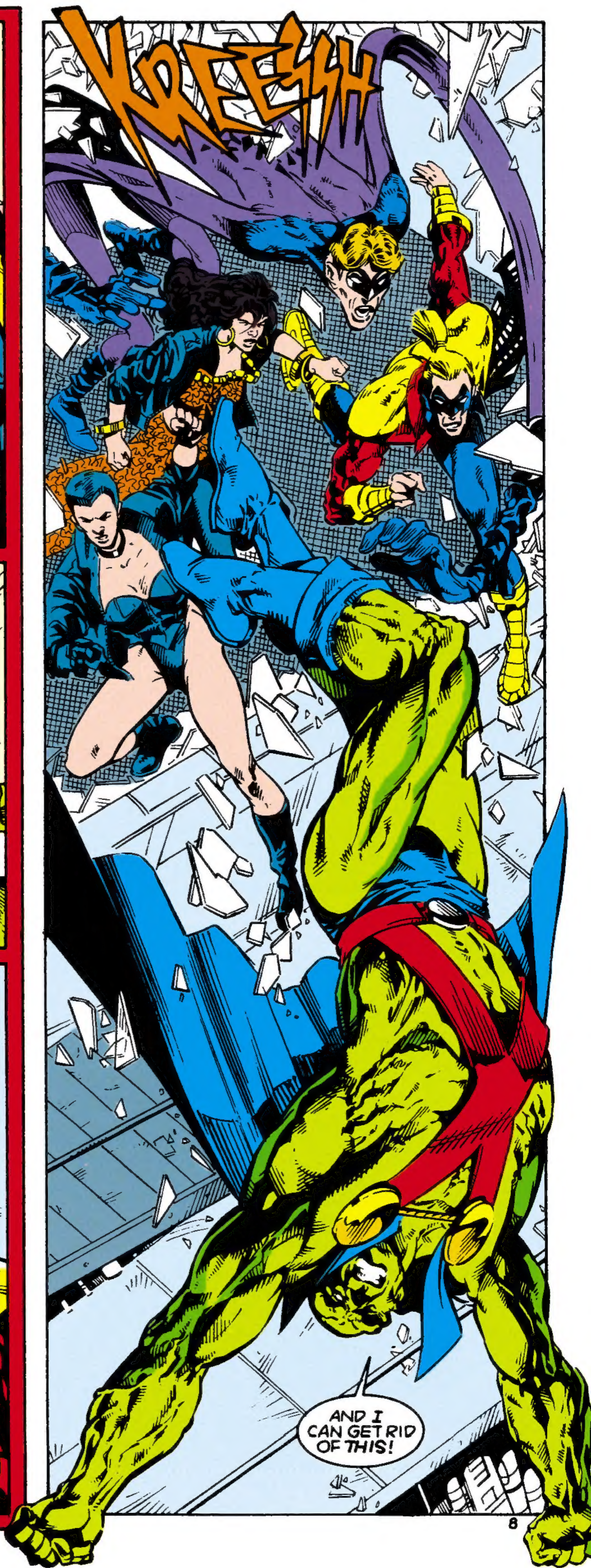
NO--CAN'T THINK THAT WAY. I'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH WHAT I'VE GOT.

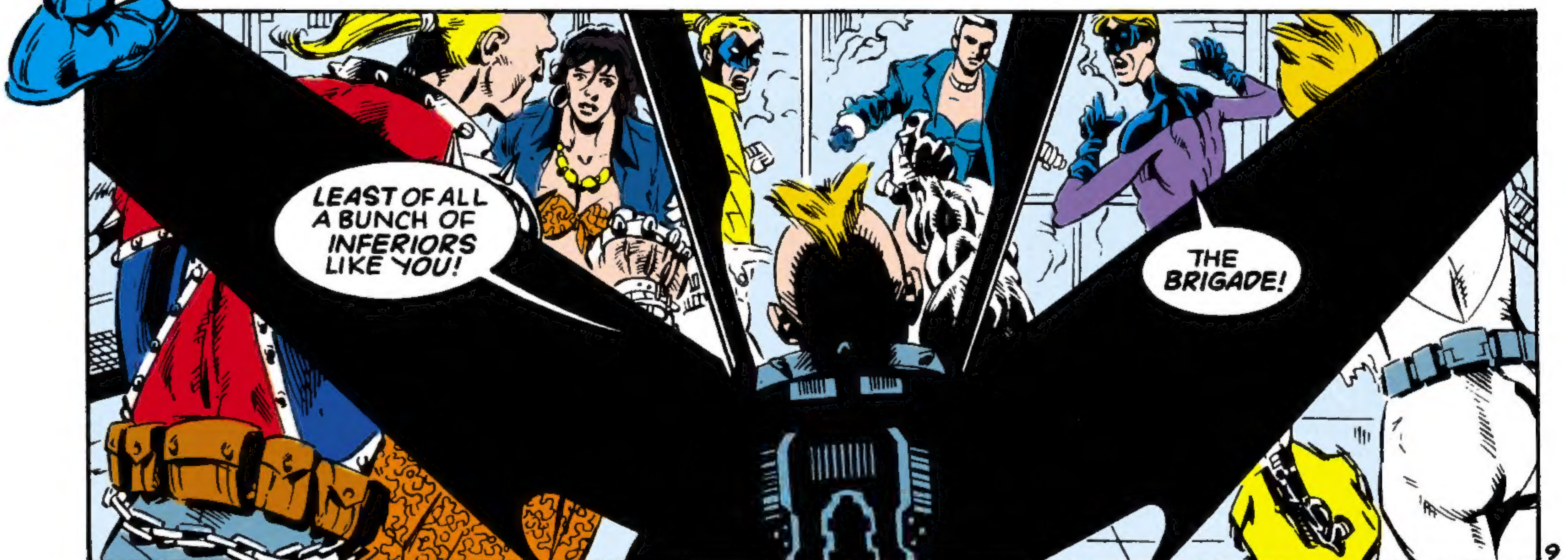
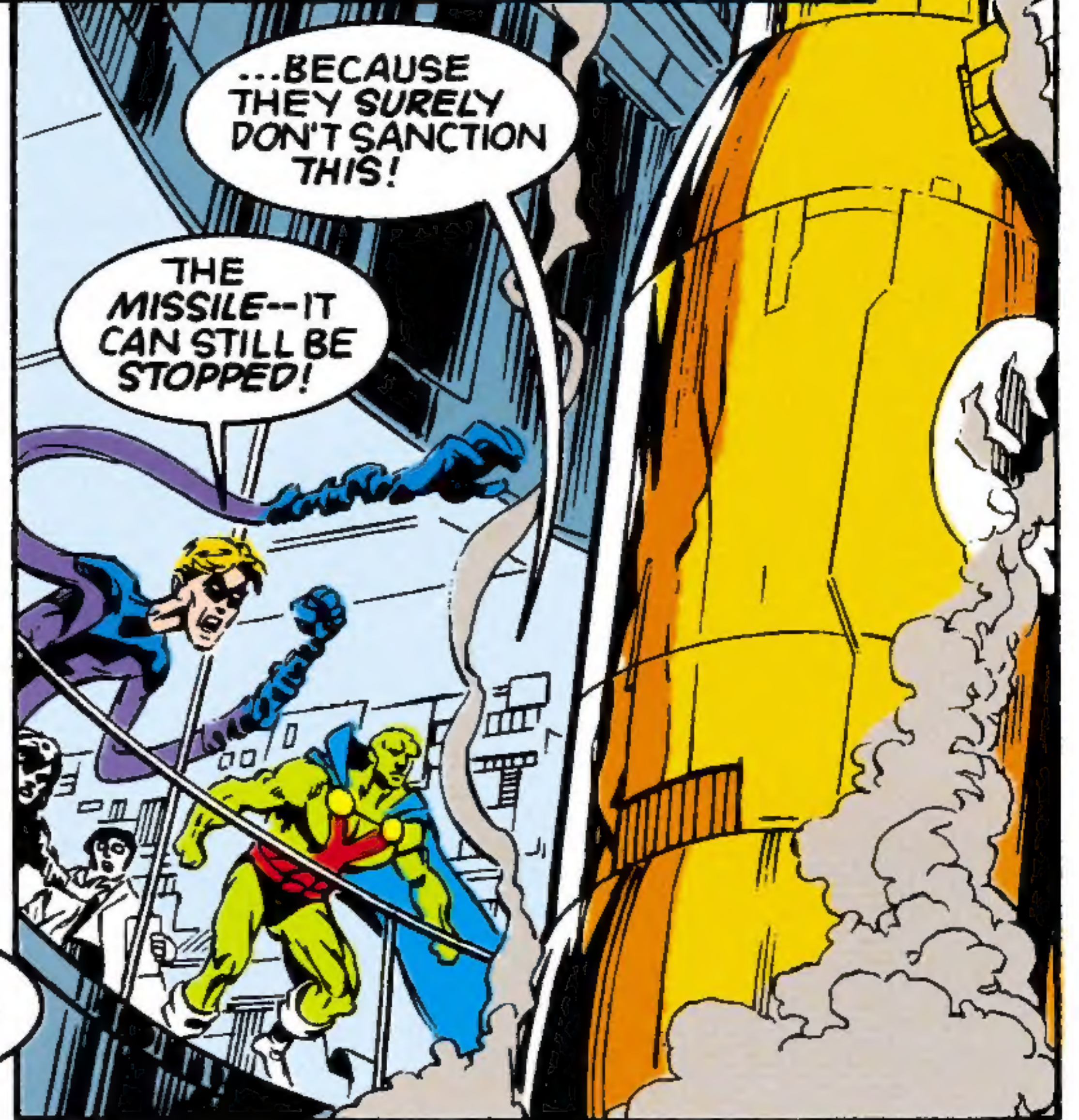
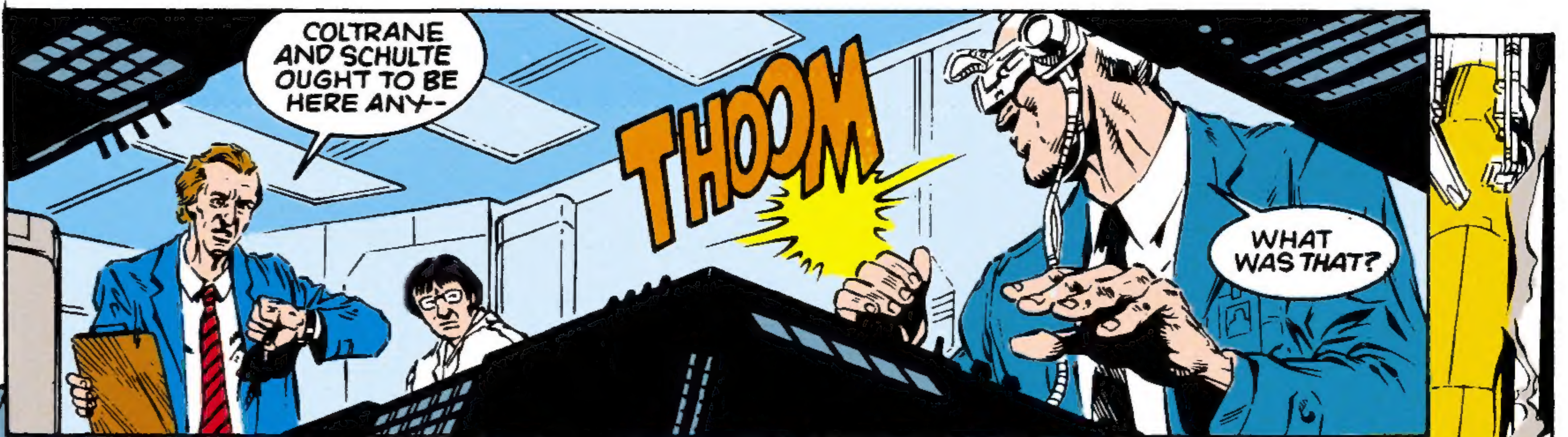
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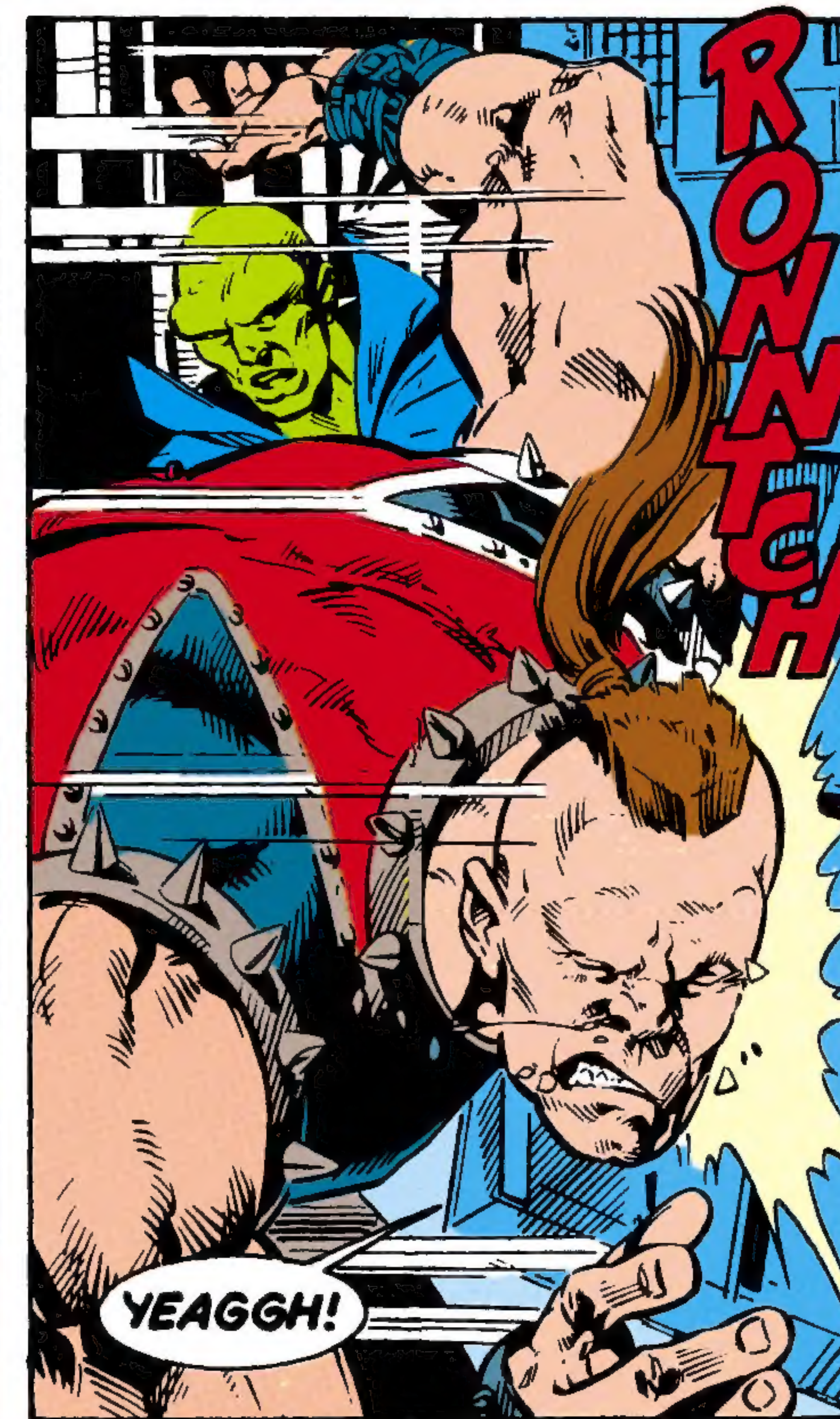
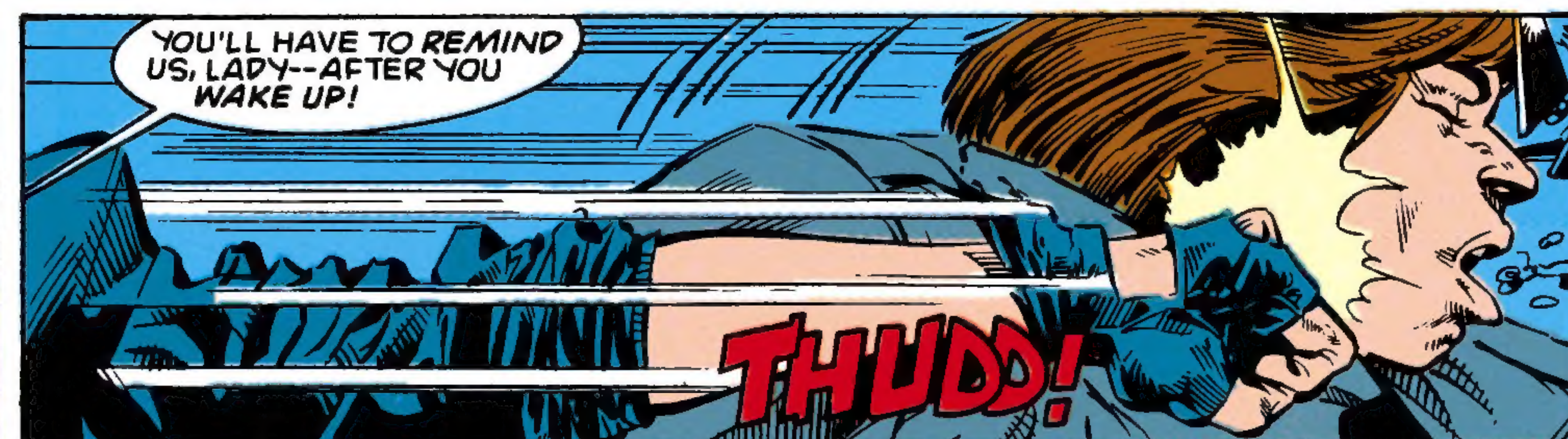
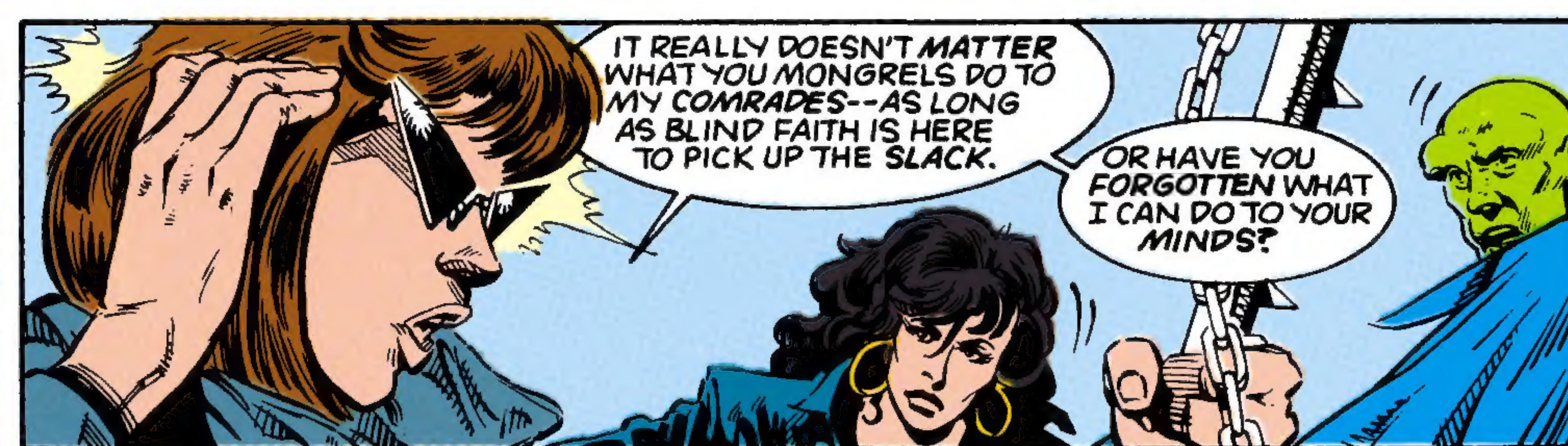
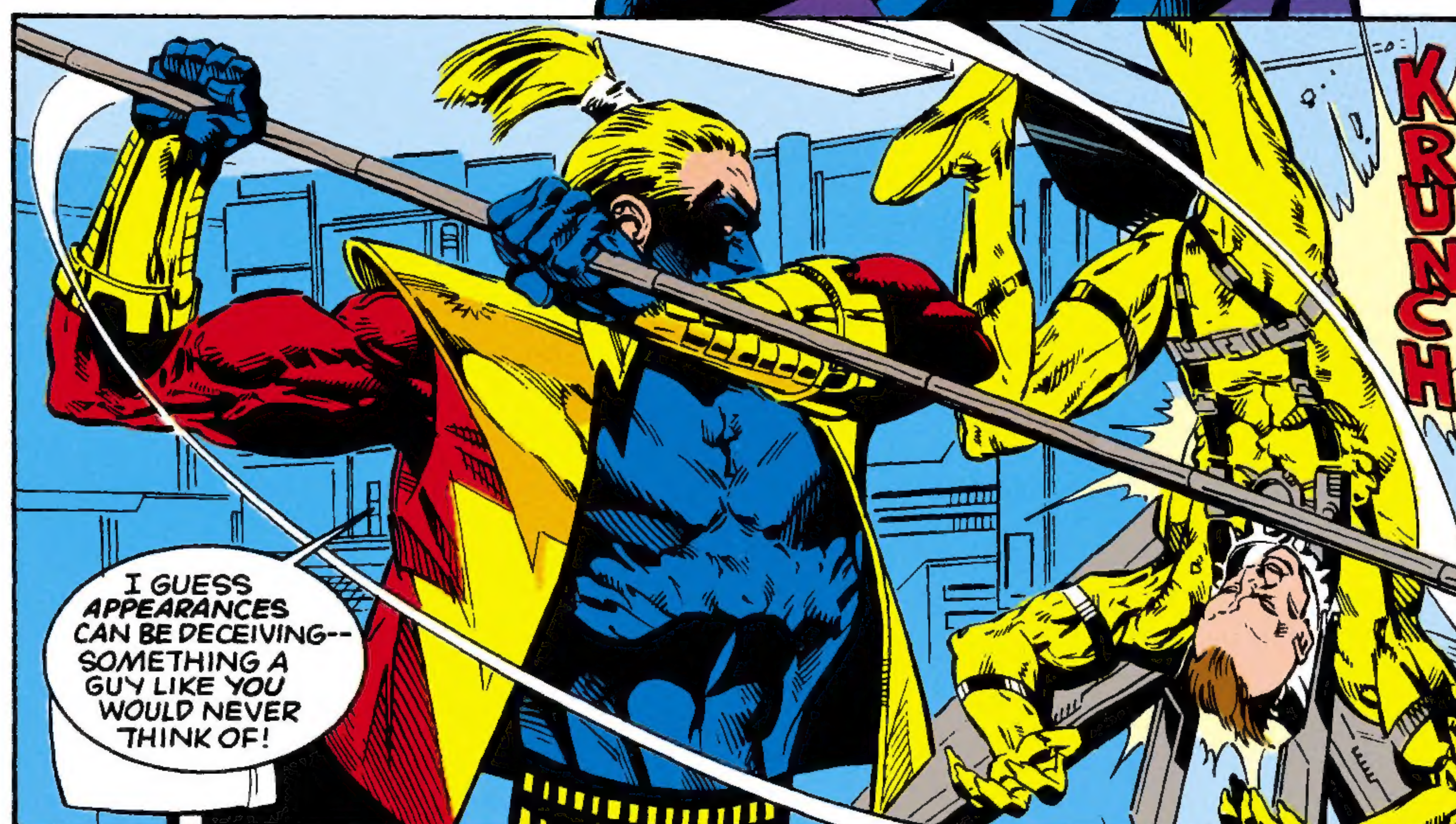
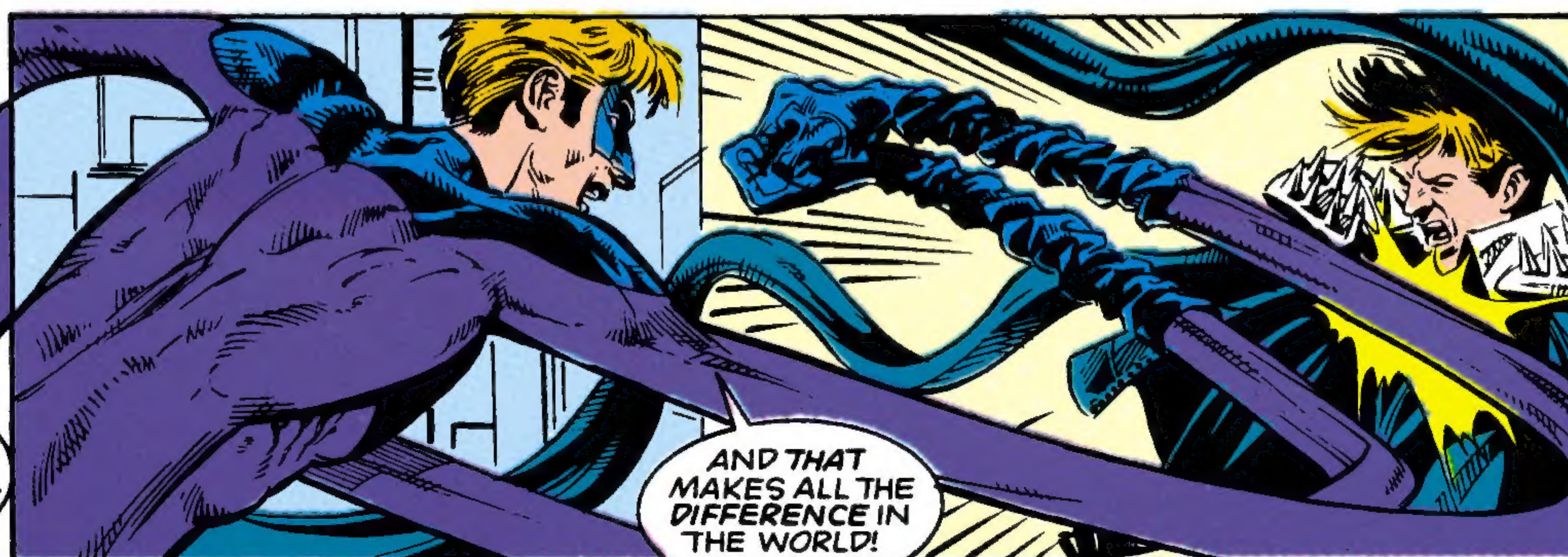
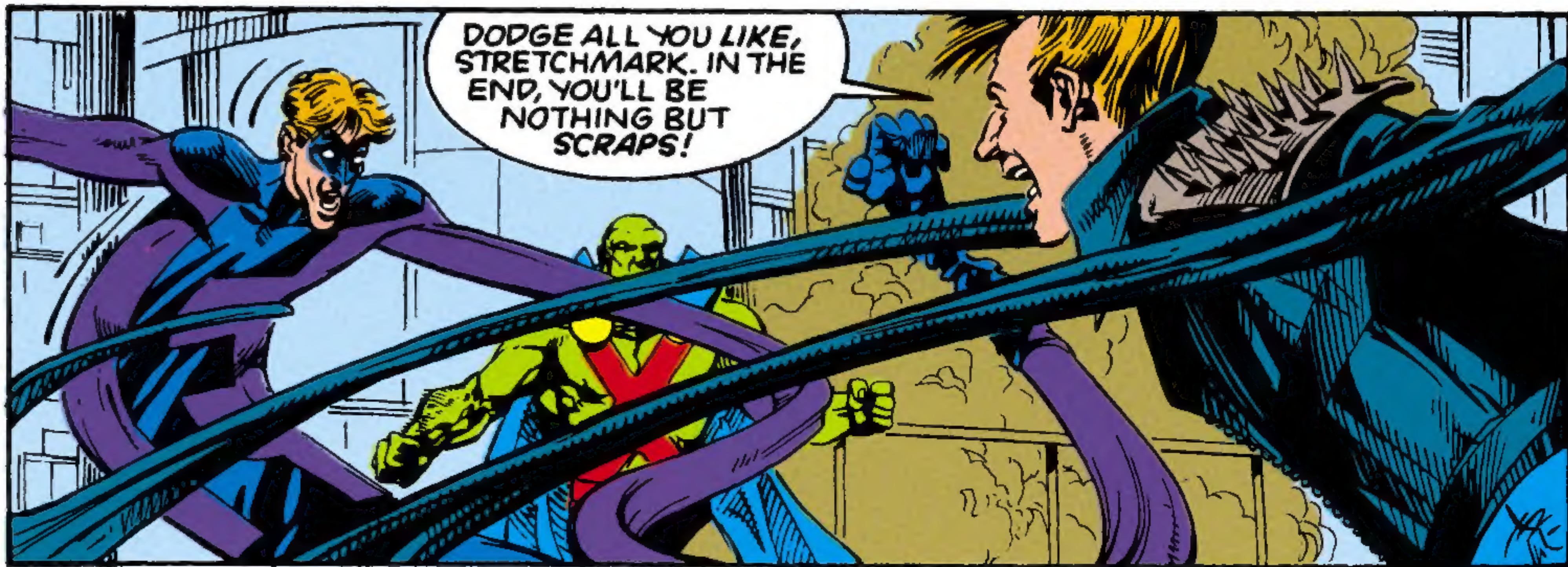


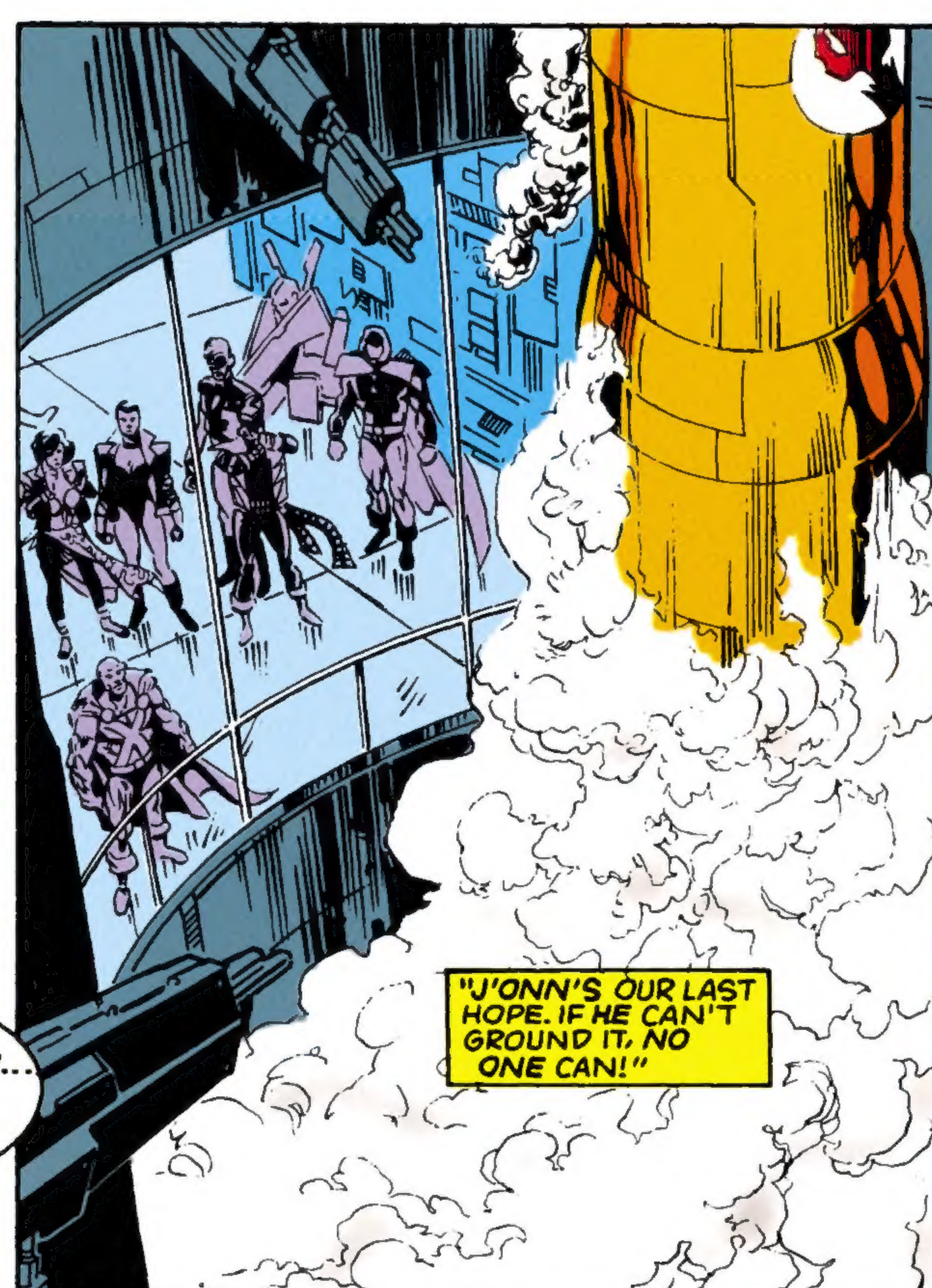
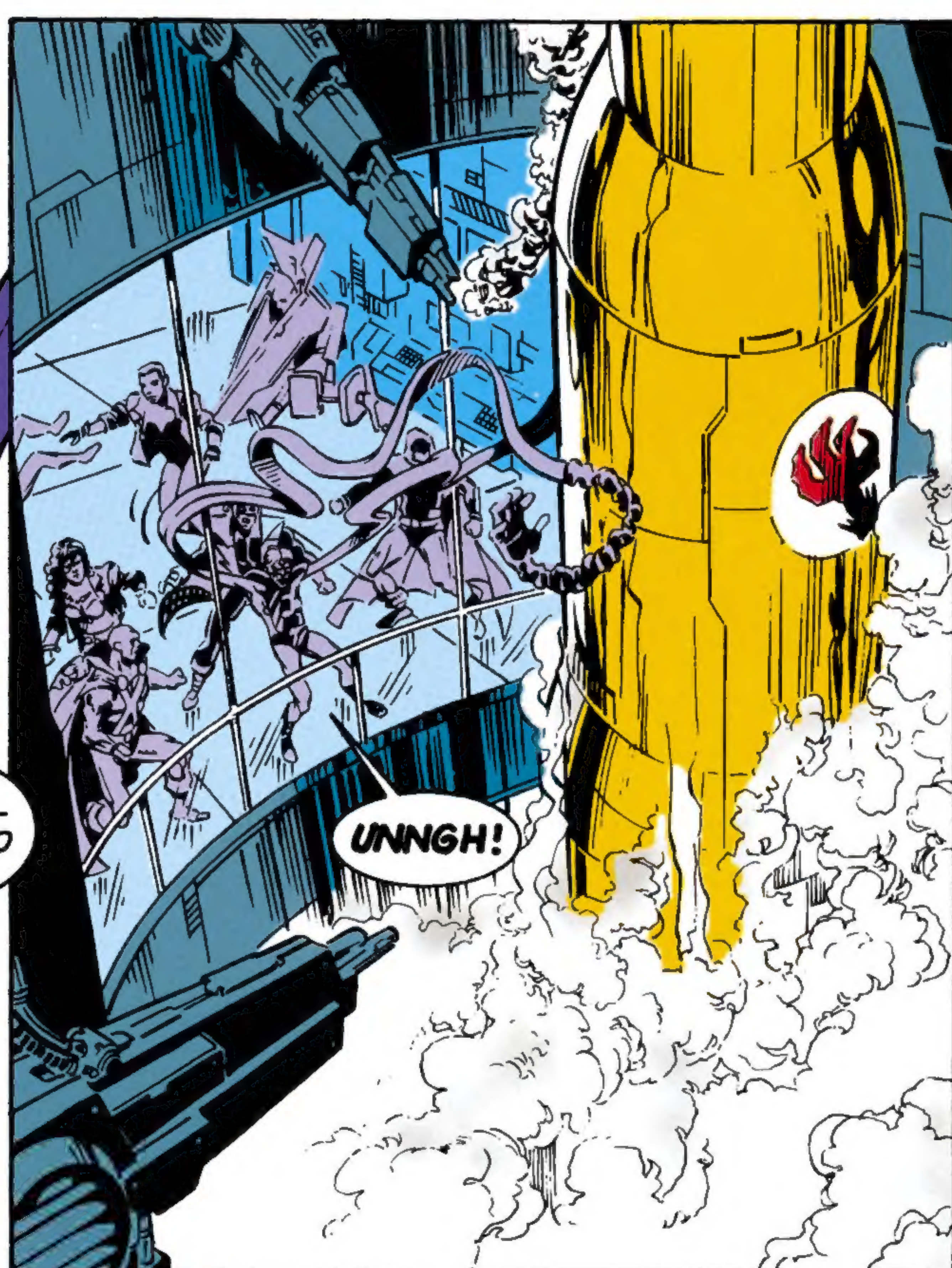
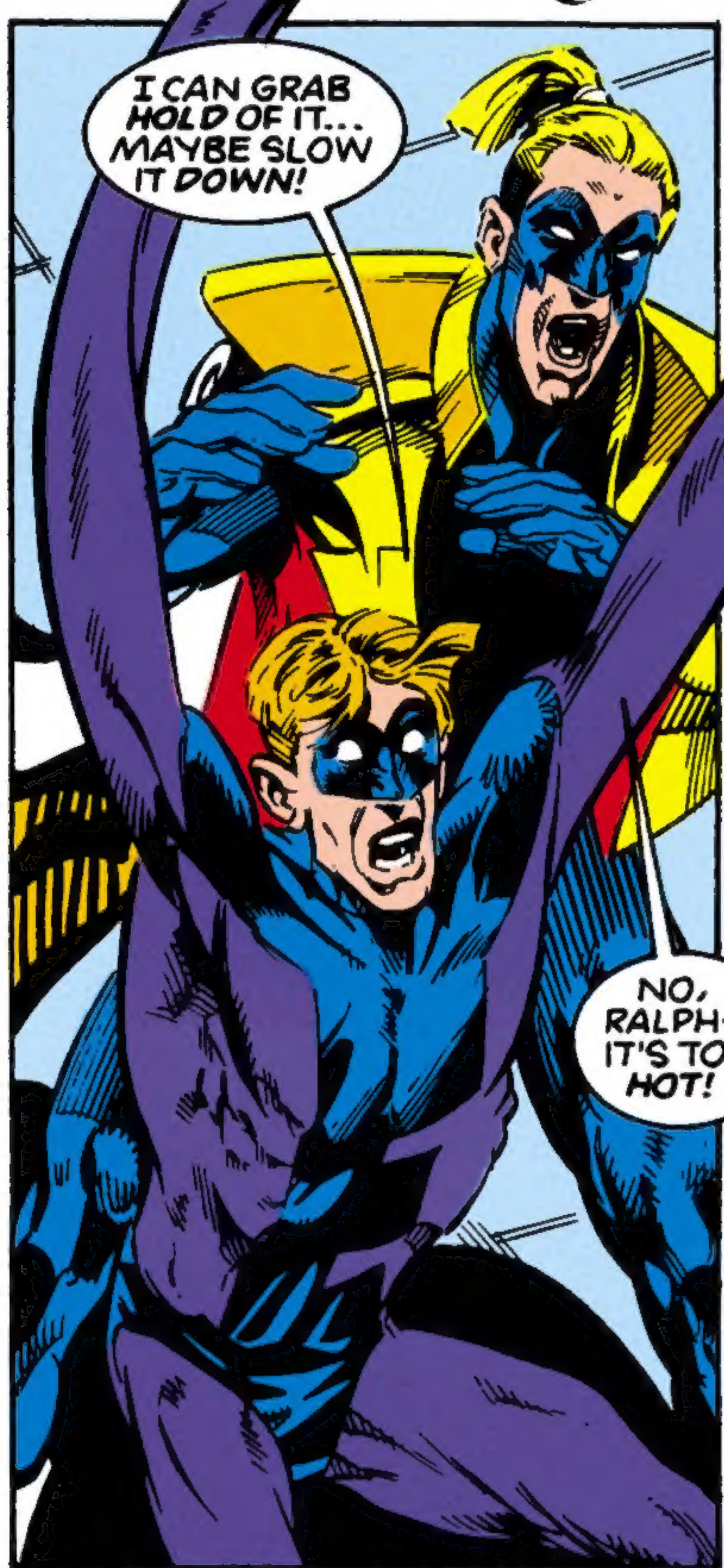
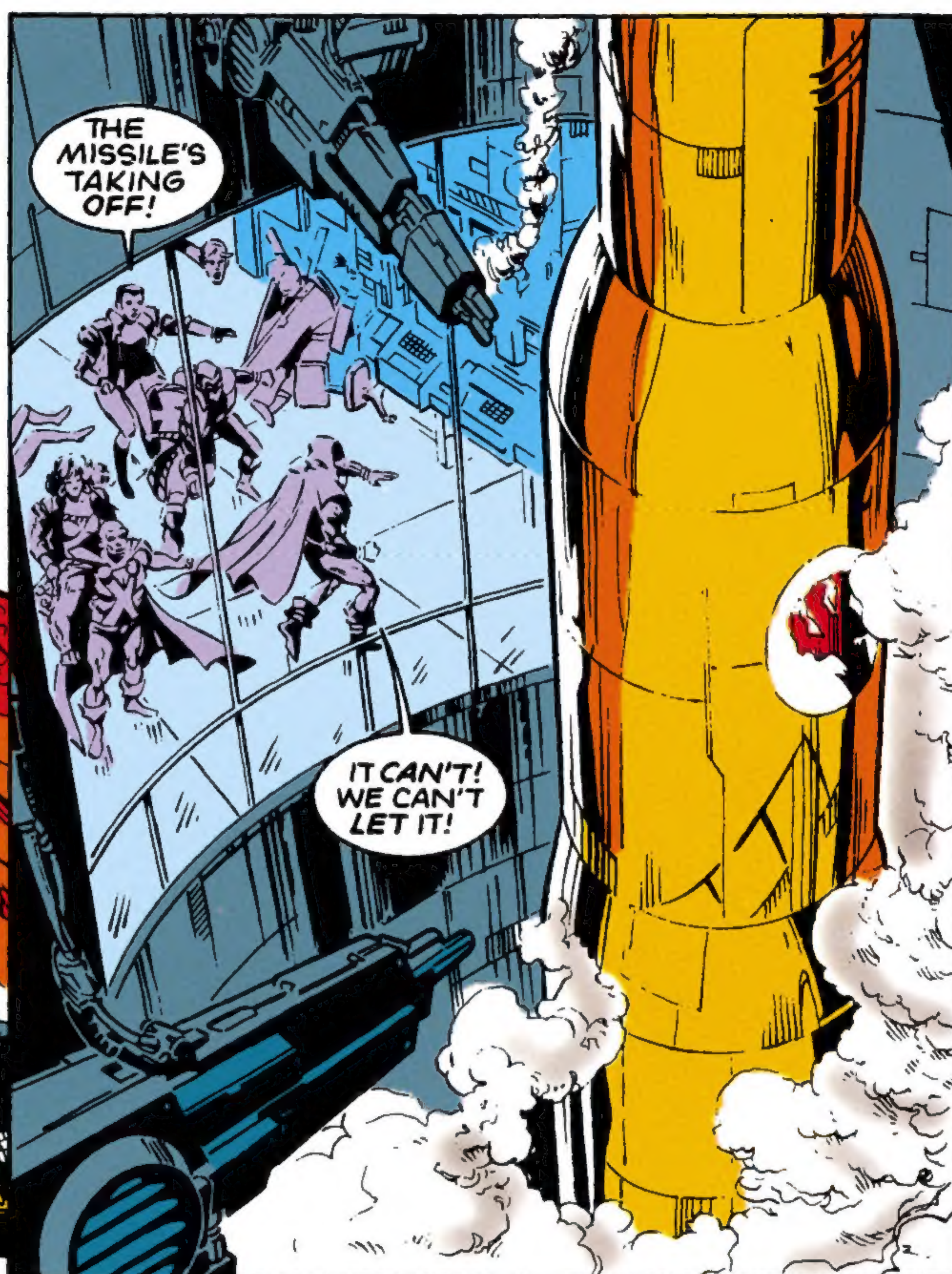
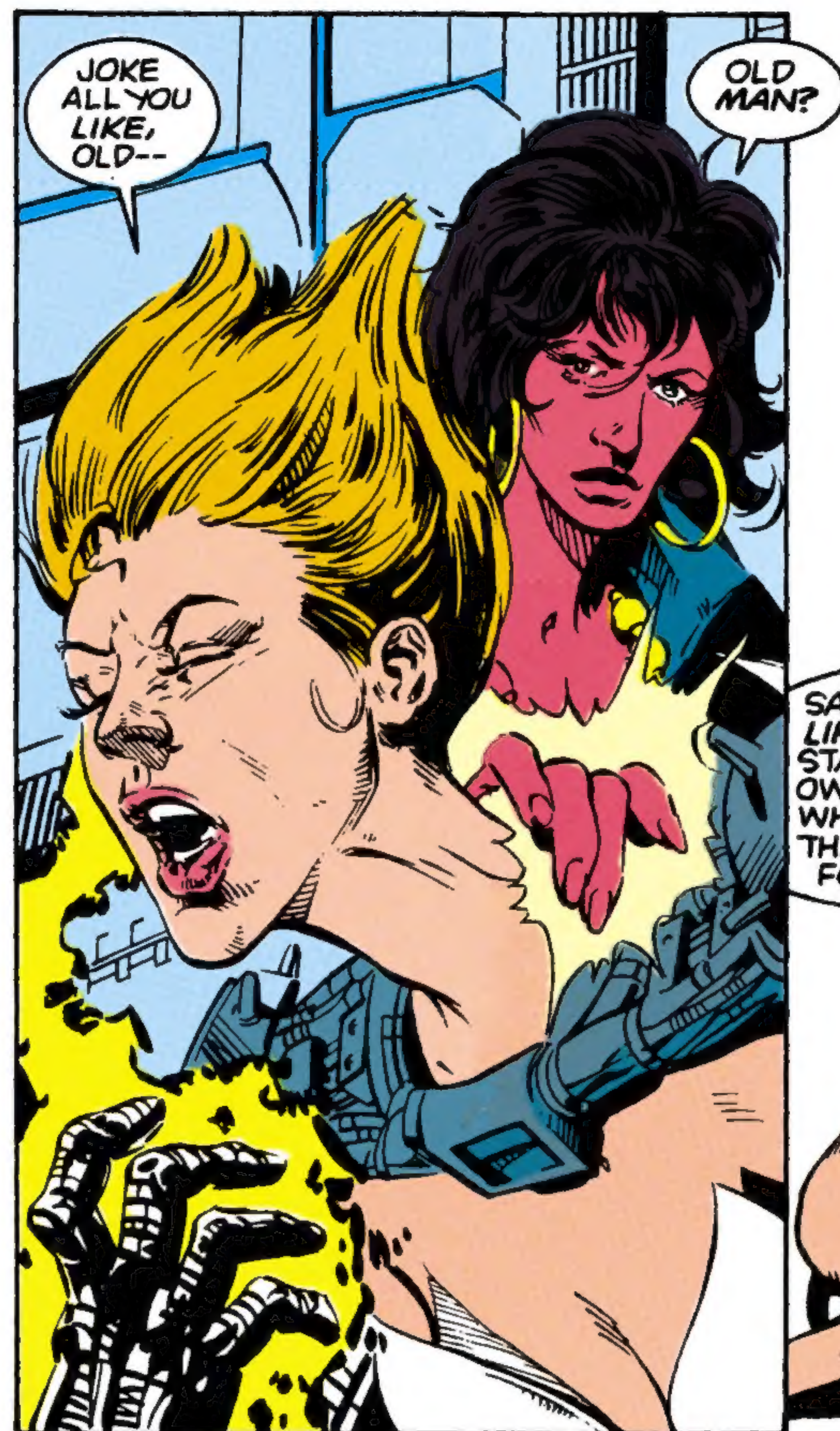
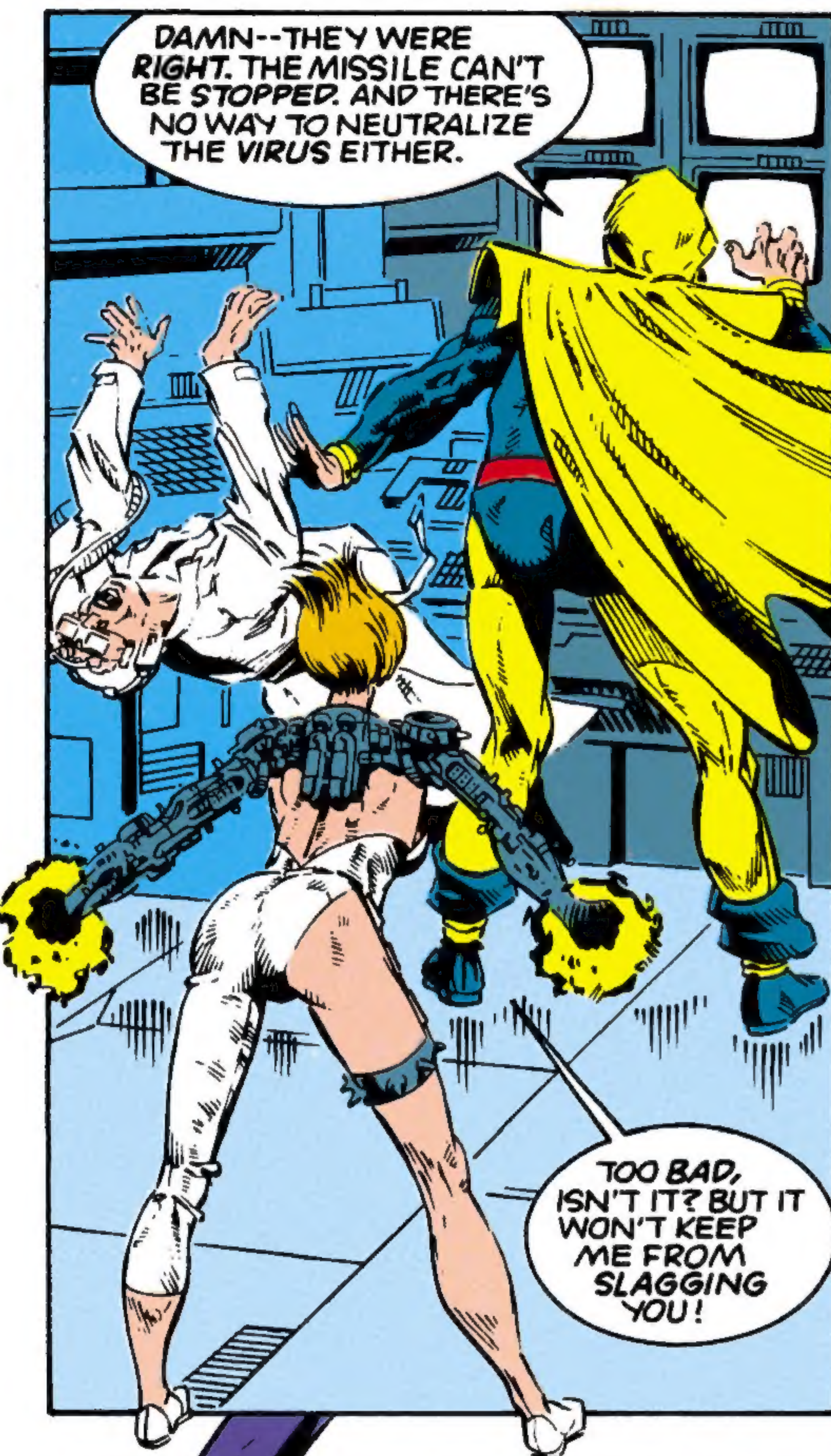
AFTER ALL, THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME I'VE HAD TO GET A JOB DONE IN BETWEEN POWER HOURS.

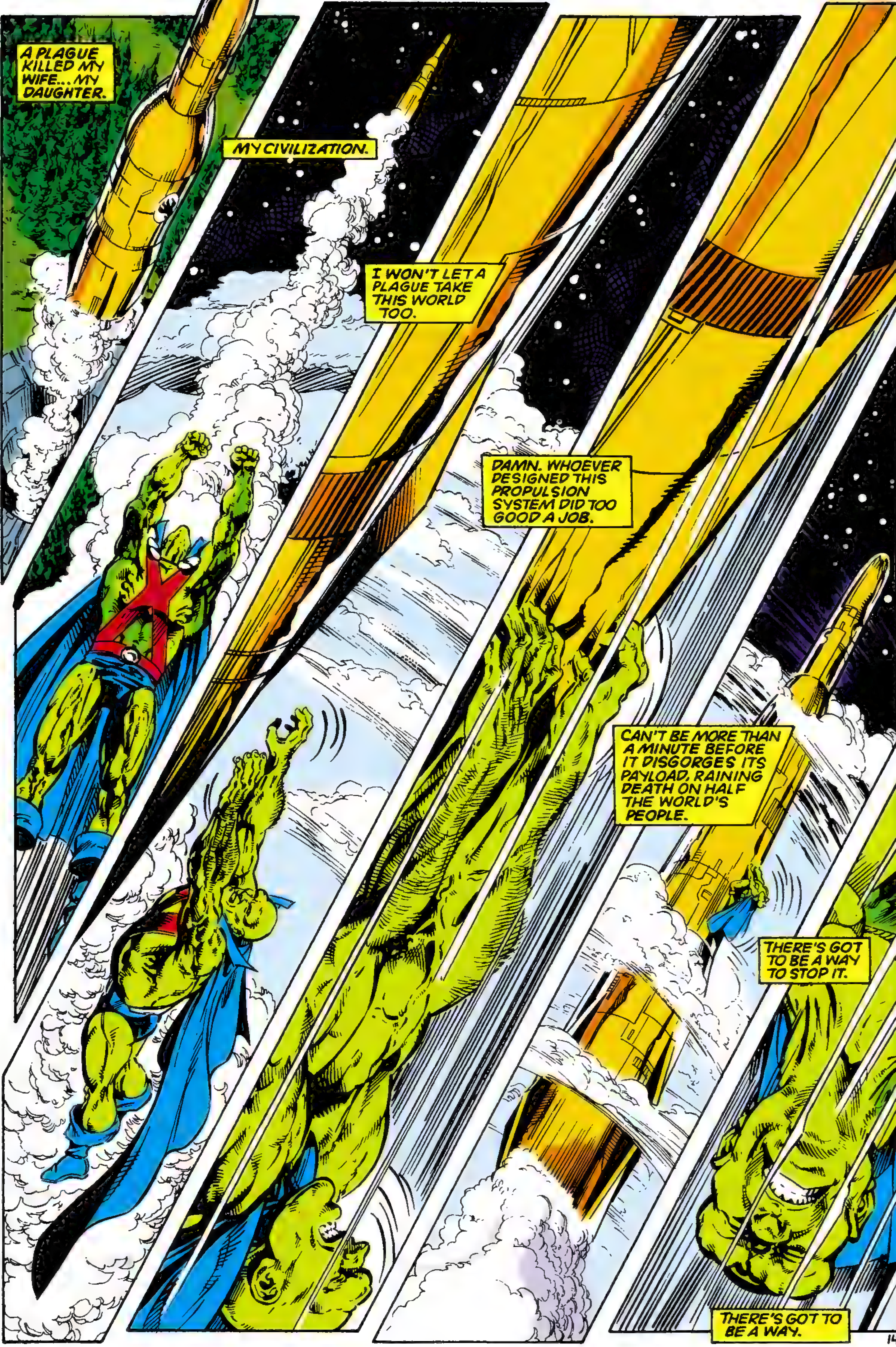












A PLAGUE  
KILLED MY  
WIFE... MY  
DAUGHTER.

MY CIVILIZATION.

I WON'T LET A  
PLAGUE TAKE  
THIS WORLD  
TOO.

DAMN. WHOEVER  
DESIGNED THIS  
PROPULSION  
SYSTEM DID TOO  
GOOD A JOB.

CAN'T BE MORE THAN  
A MINUTE BEFORE  
IT DISGORGES ITS  
PAYLOAD, RAINING  
DEATH ON HALF  
THE WORLD'S  
PEOPLE.

THERE'S GOT  
TO BE A WAY  
TO STOP IT.

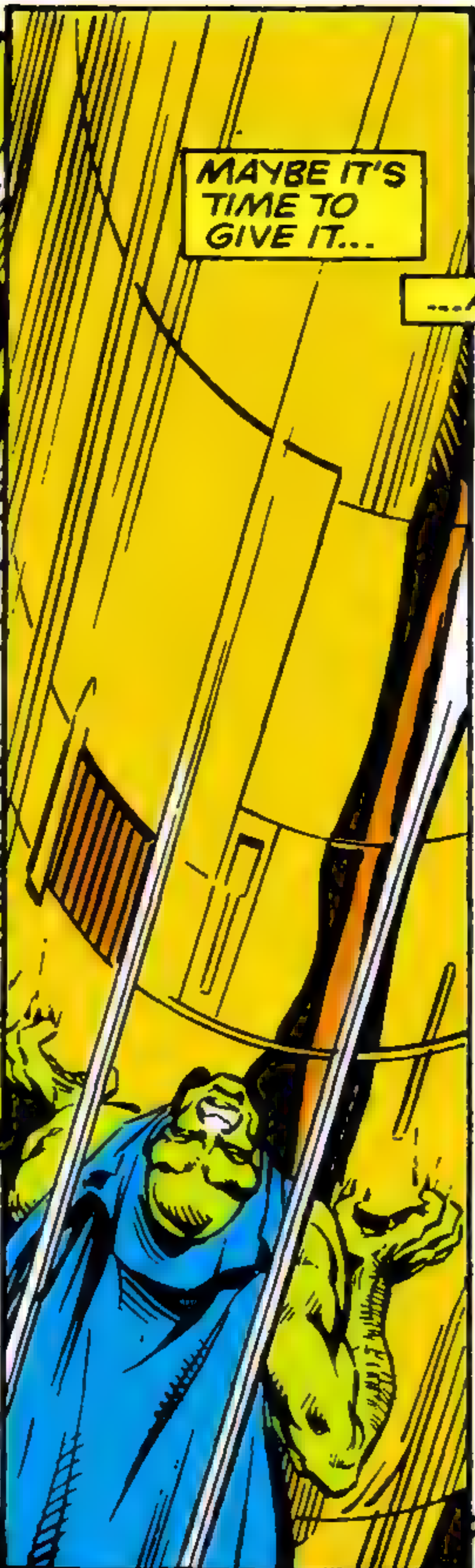
THERE'S GOT TO  
BE A WAY.



WAIT...

...I'VE BEEN  
PULLING  
BACK ON IT.

MAYBE  
THAT'S  
THE  
WRONG  
APPROACH.

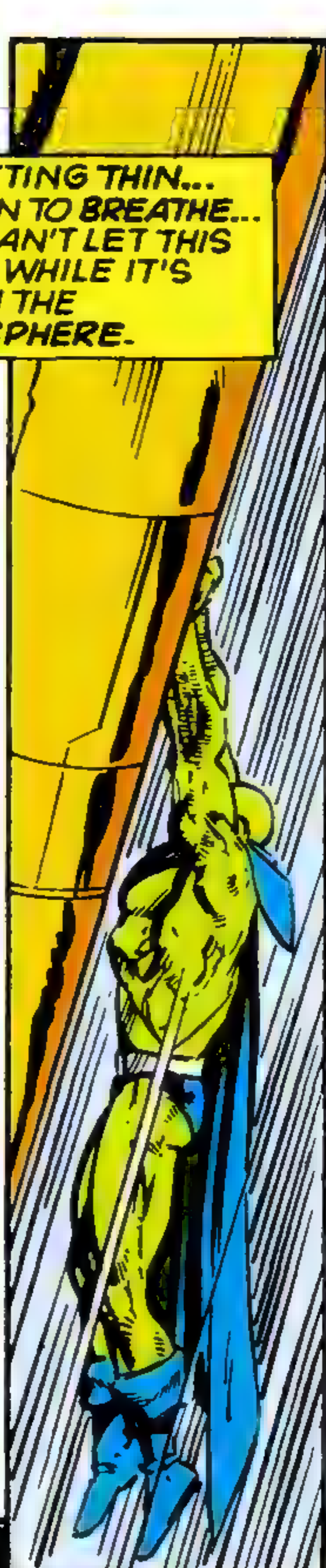


MAYBE IT'S  
TIME TO  
GIVE IT...

...A PUSH.



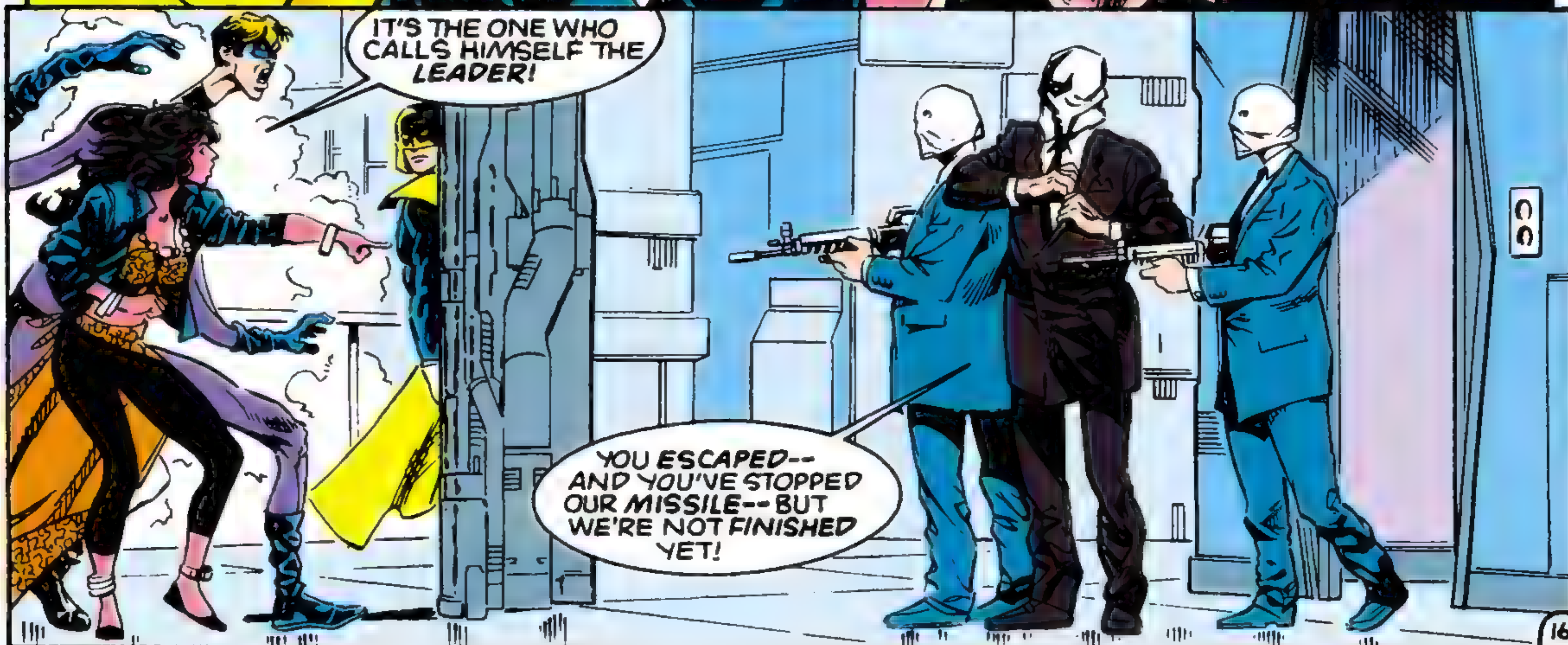
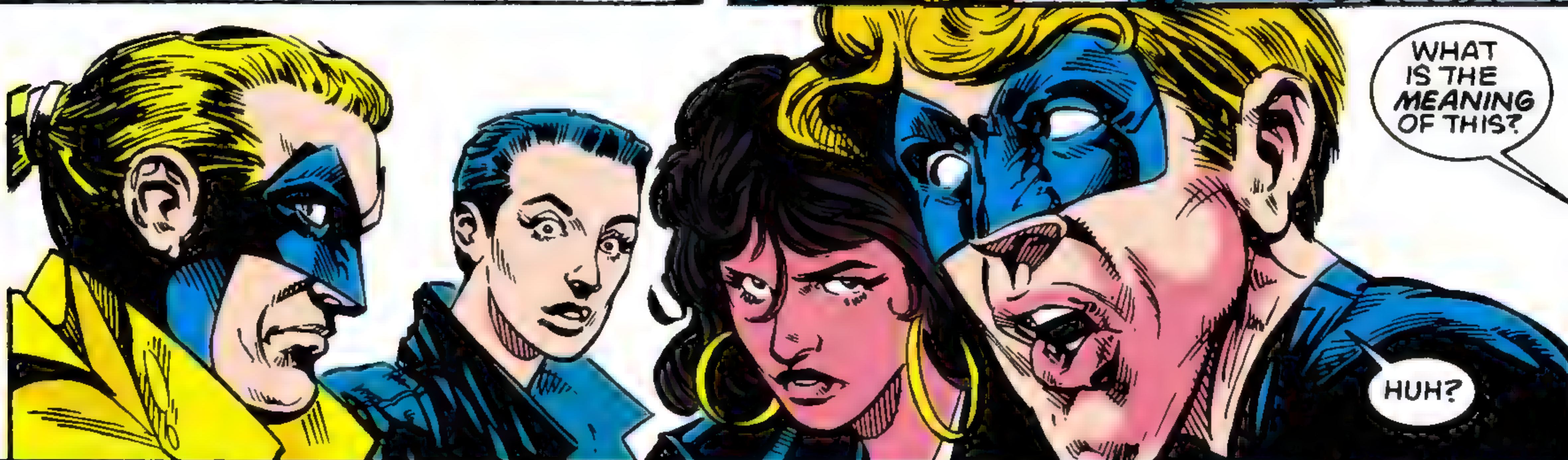
AIR GETTING THIN...  
TOO THIN TO BREATHE...  
BUT I CAN'T LET THIS  
GO OFF WHILE IT'S  
STILL IN THE  
ATMOSPHERE.



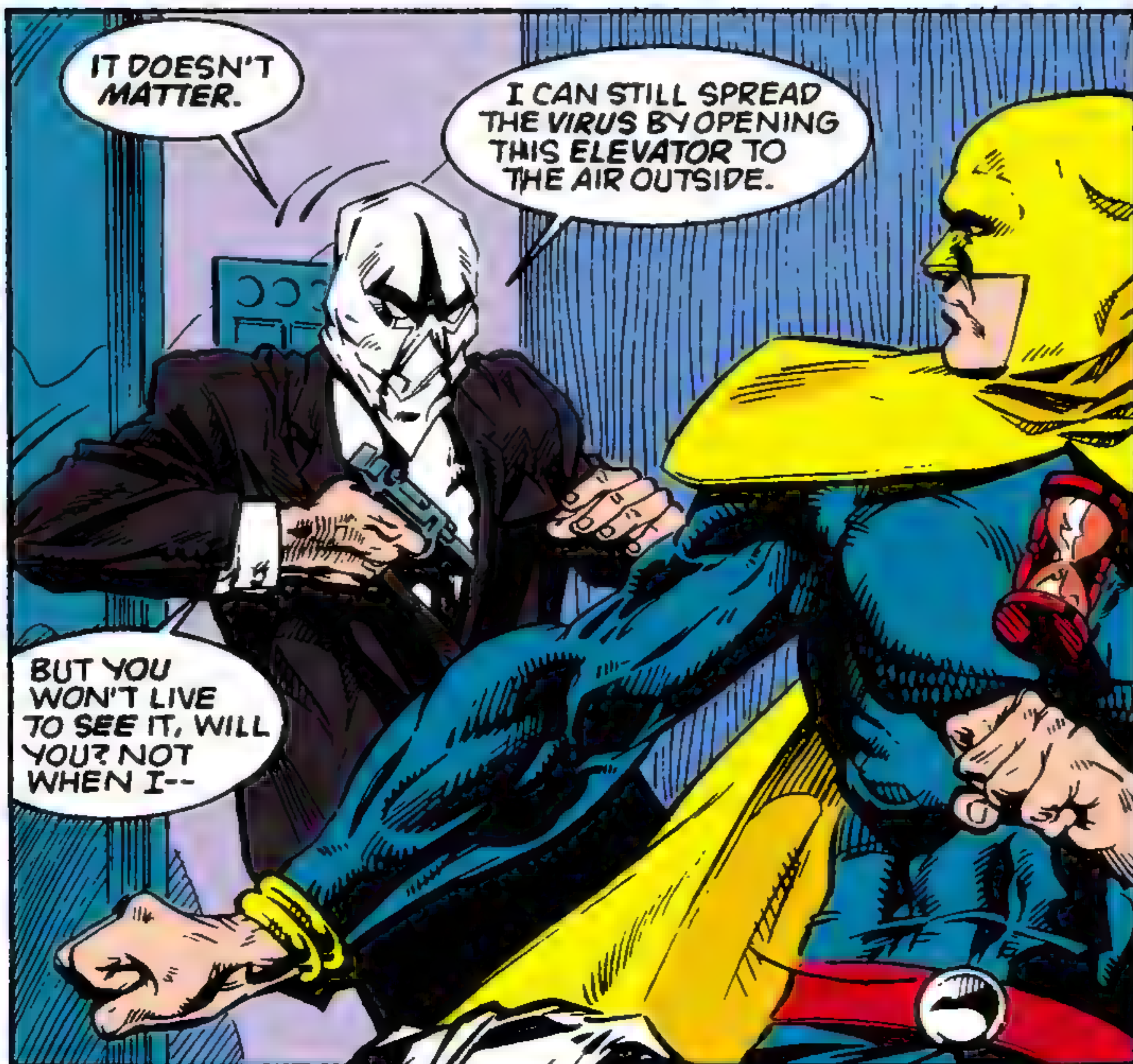
ANY  
SECOND  
NOW...!

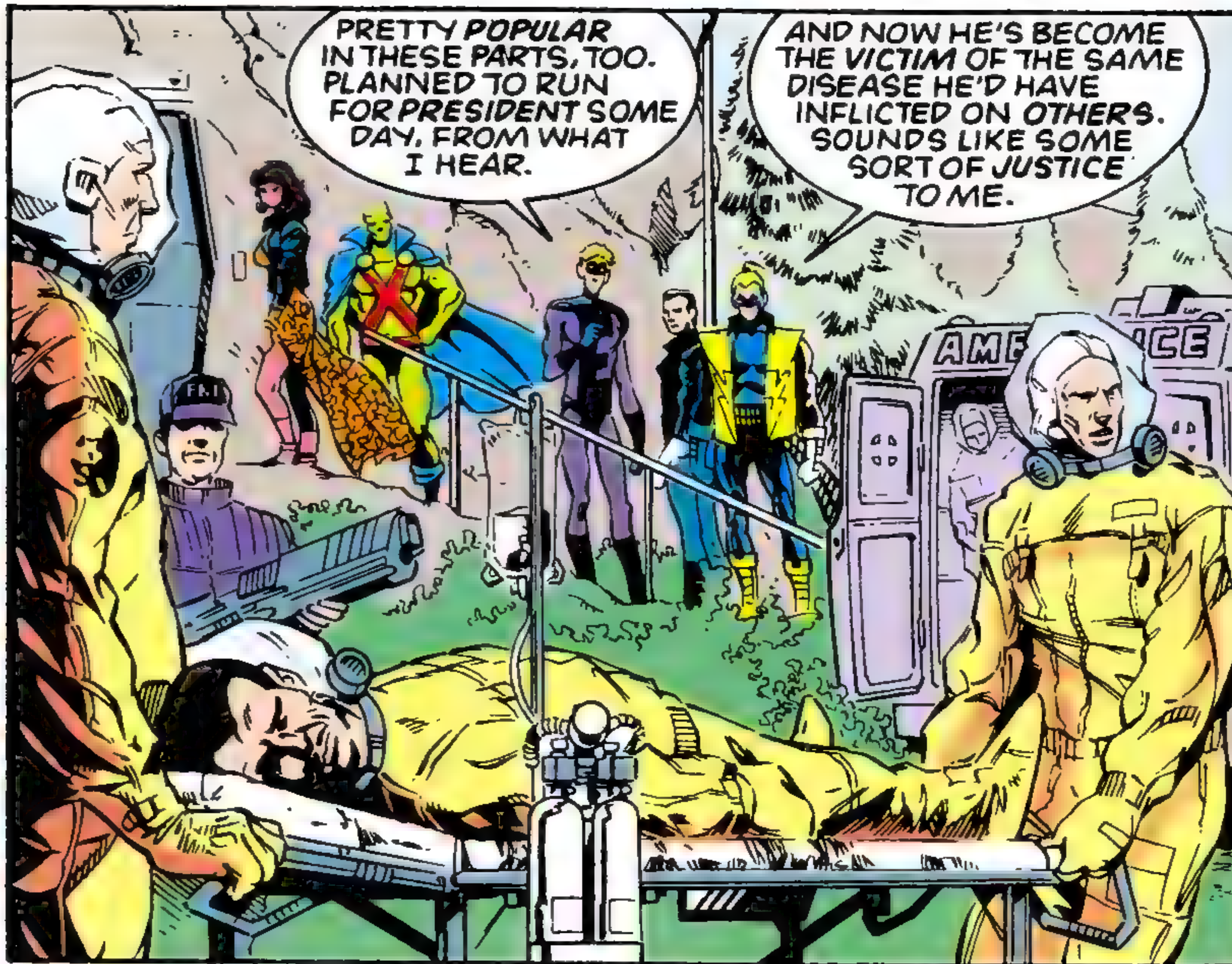


DID IT.









PRETTY POPULAR  
IN THESE PARTS, TOO.  
PLANNED TO RUN  
FOR PRESIDENT SOME  
DAY, FROM WHAT  
I HEAR.

AND NOW HE'S BECOME  
THE VICTIM OF THE SAME  
DISEASE HE'D HAVE  
INFLECTED ON OTHERS.  
SOUNDS LIKE SOME  
SORT OF JUSTICE  
TO ME.



REX--HOW  
ARE YOU  
FEELING?

TERRIBLE!

I'VE NEVER HAD SO MANY  
ACHES AND PAINS IN MY  
ENTIRE LIFE--AND I'VE GOT  
TO WEAR THIS ITCHY SUIT  
FOR THE NEXT TWENTY-  
FOUR HOURS, UNTIL THE  
VIRUS CLEARS OUT OF  
MY SYSTEM.



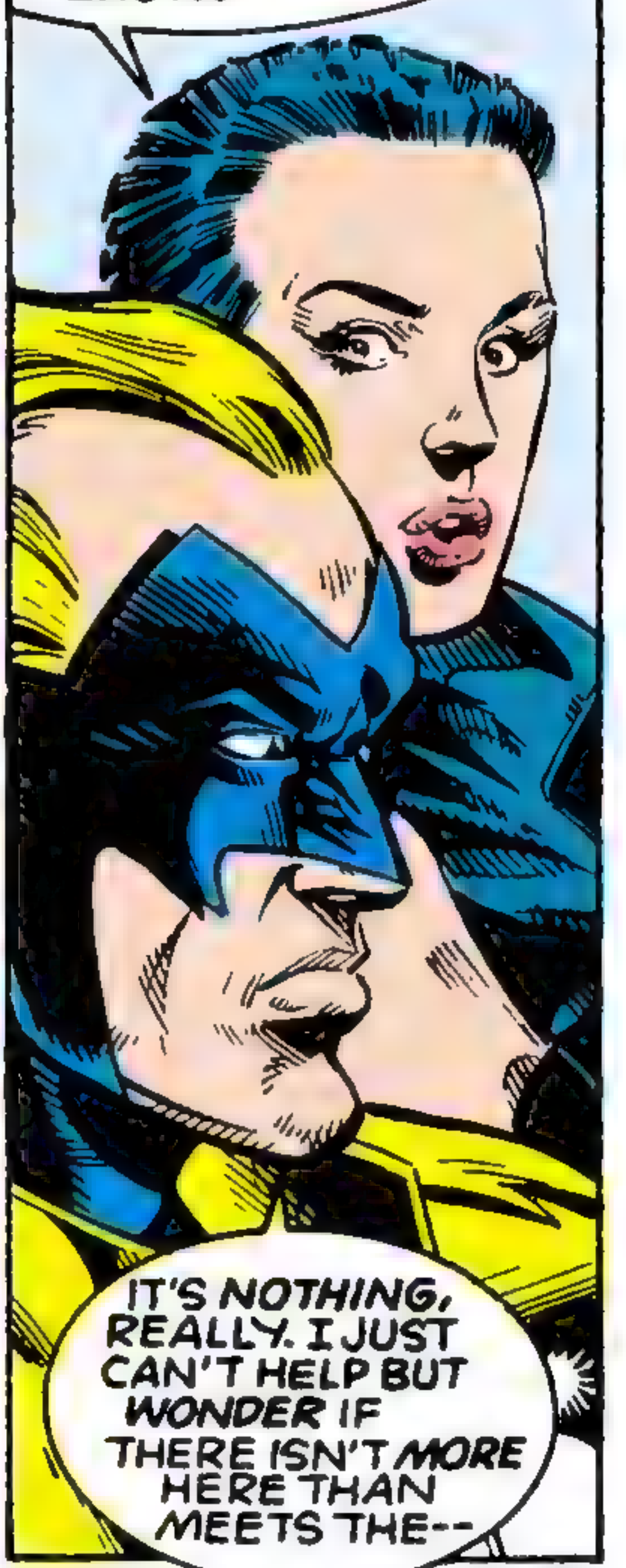
IT'S A GOOD THING YOU  
CAME ALONG THIS TIME,  
MY FRIEND. WE WOULD  
NEVER HAVE SUCCEEDED  
WITHOUT YOU.

I'M NOT  
SO SURE ABOUT  
THAT--BUT THANKS  
ANYWAY.

I'M NOT SORRY  
TO SEE THEM GET  
PUT AWAY. AND  
WITH ANY LUCK,  
IT'LL BE FOR  
A WHILE.



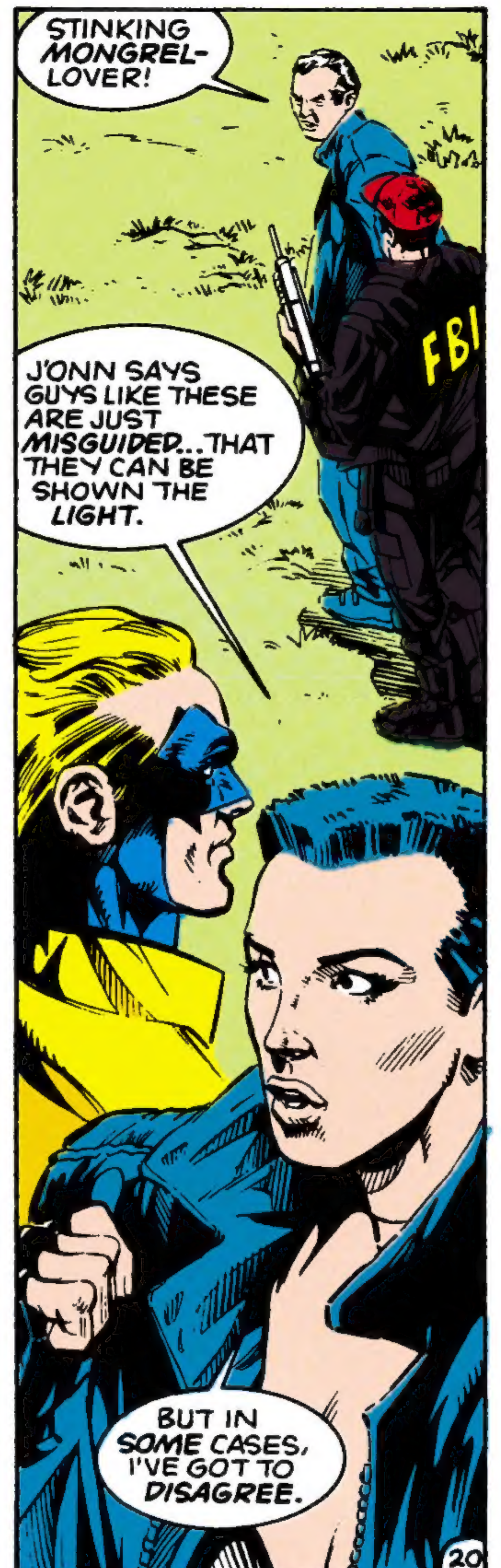
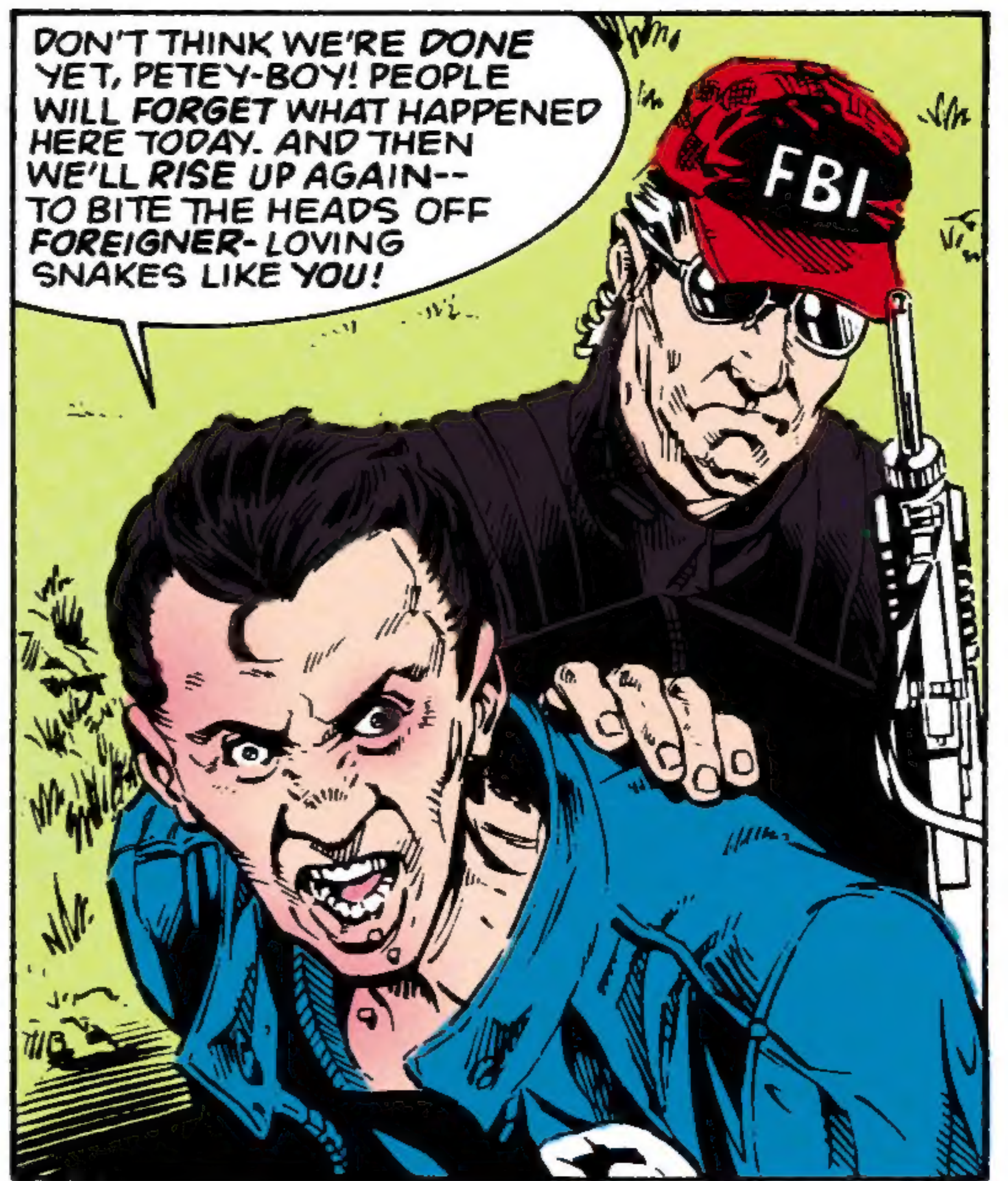
HEY, T-BOLT--THE  
BATTLE'S OVER AND  
THE GOOD GUYS WON.  
WHY THE KNITTED  
BROW?



IT'S NOTHING,  
REALLY. I JUST  
CAN'T HELP BUT  
WONDER IF  
THERE ISN'T MORE  
HERE THAN  
MEETS THE--

NO OFFENSE,  
J'ONN, BUT NEXT  
TIME, LEAVE ME  
OUT. FROM NOW ON,  
I THINK I'LL LEAVE  
THE WORLD-SAVING  
TO YOUNGER  
MEN.

CONSIDERING  
ALL THEY'RE  
GUILTY OF, IT  
COULD BE  
A LONG  
WHILE.





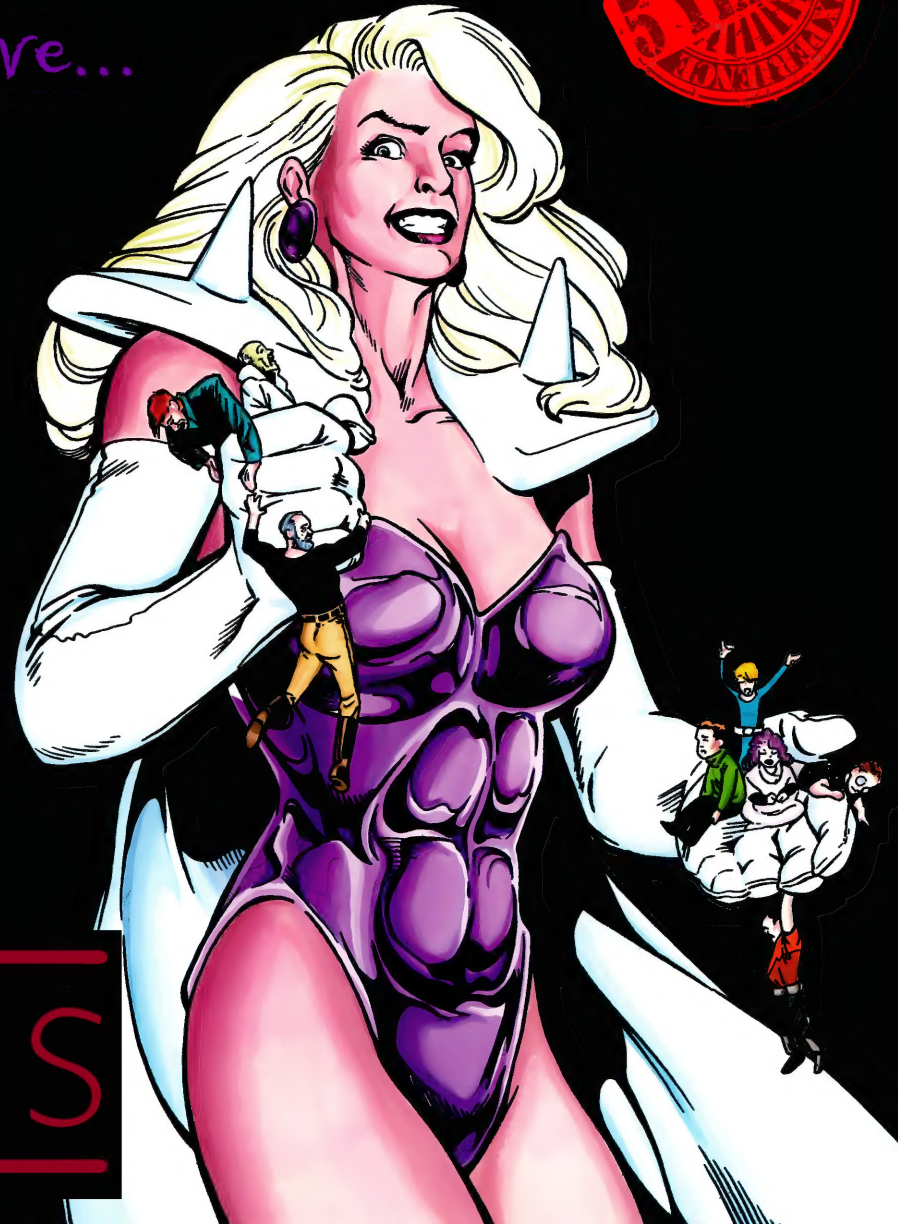


**DESPERO!**

GOOD TO  
SEE YOU AGAIN  
TOO, J'ONN. AND  
WELCOME TO  
THE END OF THE  
WORLD!

**TO BE CONTINUED!**

*From Baaldur, with love...*



GLORITH

NOVUS